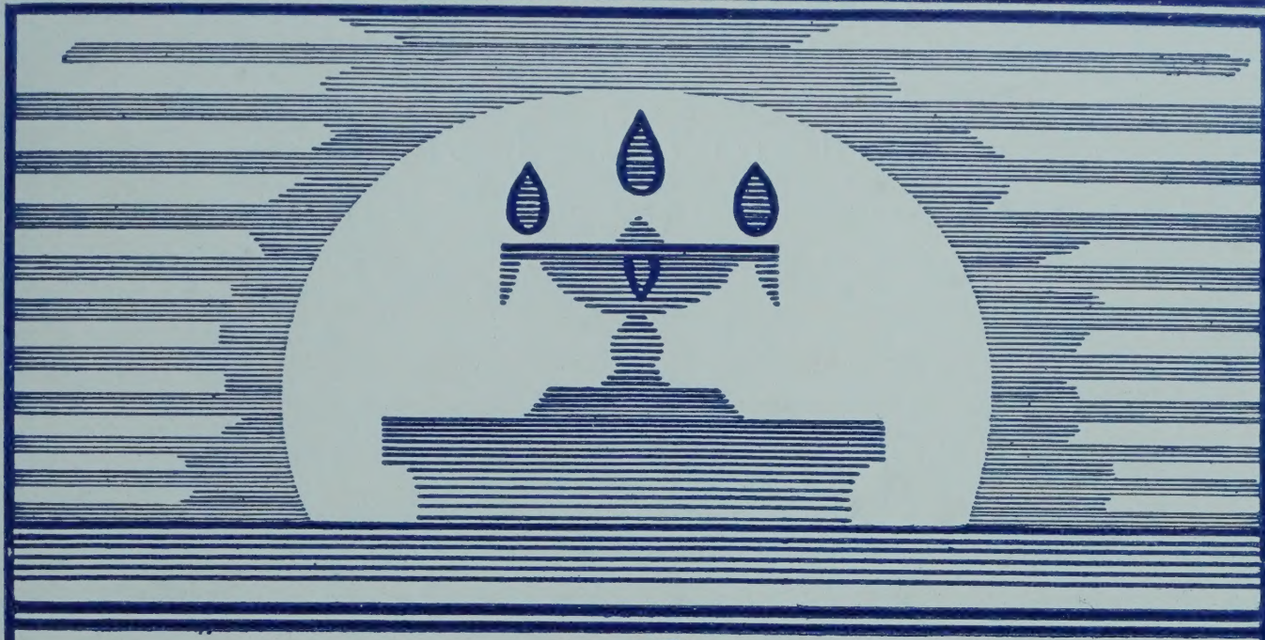

The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIII JULY 1962 No. 7

SOCIALISM—WHAT KIND?

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH for August 1943.—ED.]

Once make the feelings of confidence and affection universal, and the distinctions of property and power will vanish.

—SHELLEY

THOSE who are at present engaged in preparing blueprints for a new world order admit, though sometimes grudgingly, that socialism in one form or another will enter into the political make-up of the future.

The discussion of the subject of socialism has received a new impetus because of the step taken by the socialist nation *par excellence,* Russia, to which we made reference in our last number.

The idea which naturally presses upon so many minds is of importance: If in the name of democracy, systems of government arose which made for the failure of democracy, is it not possible for a type of socialism to arise in the world which would make for the failure of real socialism?

What is of moment, therefore, is not whether socialism is going to prevail but whether socialism of the right kind is going to prevail. When we say the right kind of socialism, we have in mind not merely the political and economic aspects — these are aspects which loom too large in popular imagination to make a proper understanding of socialism possible — but a wider concept, more comprehensive and more dynamic. Socialism has been so frequently associated with the problem of providing equality of economic opportunities that its true moral and spiritual implications have hardly been heeded. We always think of economic inequality, social injustice and proletarian squalor and of the problem of removing these by a system of political and economic plan-

ning which we facilely term Socialism. In fact, socialism has become almost synonymous with a political philosophy which seeks to level down all economic and social barriers and to push the proletariat to positions of political power. No doubt the growing intensity of capitalistic exploitation has greatly accentuated this trend of thought. The capital-owning class has set a poor example by sensuous living and by enhancing the value of material comforts and reducing that of spiritual, idealistic and cultural pursuits (we say this not overlooking the benefits conferred by the Carnegie, Rockefeller, Nuffield and other Foundations); this has encouraged the tacit assumption that if once the economic ills are remedied, all will be well. That is the basic error which accredited socialists as well as others fall into; they forget that man does not live by bread alone!

True socialism is essentially an ideal of sociality, and it involves a conception of life lived with and among other men; that this living with other men in understanding co-operation is a basic and fundamental part of the concept, not even those who would emphasize the economic aspect only will deny. That it is not a system but a way of life in relation to others is admitted by no less a socialist than Mr. G. D. H. Cole himself. The very word suggests the principle of sociality, of association, of fellowship and fraternity. True socialism has its roots, therefore, not in any system imposed from without but in the hearts of men. For its effective working it has to depend not upon the external, the coercive machinery of law but upon the spontaneous willingness of every individual to look upon every other as he would look upon himself — as first and foremost a *human* being. That is real equality — to be inspired by a consciousness of human unity and to be aware that there is no injustice save what man himself would create through selfishness. Such a sense of individual responsibility and the feeling that what help we can give others is but help given to our own brothers and sisters can draw together mankind into a real unity and thus dissipate all ills, including the economic. True socialism is more a spiritual ideal than an economic creed and draws its sustenance from the innate human tendency to fraternize.

The erroneous belief has persisted long, and still persists to a considerable extent, that socialism and democracy are concepts imported into India from the West. One has but to turn back, not only to the philosophic concepts of the *Shrutis* and the *Smritis,* but also to the actual working in practice of the Village Panchayats, to see how people

managed their affairs without pretentious labels for forms of government. One has only to open one's ears to the teachings of the *Upanishads* and the *Gita,* which realized the spiritual basis of all humanity — the basis that always makes for true socialism and true democracy. Nobody has taught this more clearly than India's saintly, much misunderstood and much maligned leader, Gandhiji. In *Harijan* of 2nd January 1937 he wrote (we are indebted for these quotations to *The Gandhi Sutras* by D. S. Sarma):—

> Real socialism has been handed down to us by our ancestors who taught, "All land belongs to Gopal, where then is the boundary line? Man is the maker of that line and he can therefore unmake it." Gopal literally means shepherd; it also means God. In modern language it means the State, *i.e.*, the people. That the land today does not belong to the people is too true. But the fault is not in the teaching. It is in us who have not lived up to it.
>
> I have no doubt that we can make as good an approach to it as is possible for any nation, not excluding Russia, and that without violence. The most effective substitute for violent dispossession is the wheel with all its implications. Land and all property is his who will work it. Unfortunately the workers are or have been kept ignorant of this simple fact.

Turn next to Gandhiji's commentary in *Harijan* of 30th January 1937 on the great verse of the *Ishopanishad*: "All this — whatever there is in this universe — is pervaded by Deity. Renounce it and enjoy. Do not covet the wealth of another." He comments:—

> This mantra tells me that I cannot hold as mine anything that belongs to God, and if my life and that of all who believe in this mantra has to be a life of perfect dedication, it follows that it will have to be a life of continual service of our fellow creatures.

Put this side by side with what Gandhiji stated in *Young India* of 6th October 1927:—

> The art of amassing riches becomes a degrading and despicable art if it is not accompanied by the nobler art of how to spend wealth usefully.
>
> Generally speaking, it is the experience of the world that possession of gold is inconsistent with the possession of virtue; but though such is the unfortunate experience in the world, it is by no means an inexorable law. We have the celebrated instance of Janaka, who, although he was rolling in riches and had a limitless power, being a great prince, was still one of the purest men of his age. And even in our own age I can cite

from my own personal experience and tell you that I have the good fortune of knowing several moneyed men who do not find it impossible to lead a straight and pure life.

The West has blundered into the present disaster because of its failure to recognize this spiritual basis of humanity and as a result it is toying with ideologies, in essence materialistic and unphilosophical. The concept of socialism today betrays a superficial concern for the inessential, neglecting the true basis and the spirit which teachers like Krishna and Buddha, and emperors like Asoka, taught and exemplified. Socialism is but a new-fangled and unfortunately much-abused name for what informs the entire heritage of Indian philosophical thought. The mode of life which India — true to her past — can name as socialistic is one which gives more than it receives; which loves and knows no hate; which seeks peace and enlightenment for *all* rather than for the privileged few; which aspires not towards political power for the masses but aspires towards drawing together the whole of humanity in ties of brotherliness. It does not attempt to pull down those on the upper rungs of the social ladder but strives to raise the lowly and the down-trodden. Is not that a nobler socialism?

DEPARTED

A face is no more seen,
A room seems dead
And all those things we now would like to say
Are left unsaid,
But we recall a voice,
Its fumbling for words,
Moods that were fickle as an English sun,
Steps quick as a bird's.
We wish we'd kindlier been
And soothed distress
Behind the wistful charm . . . too late, for now
There's one friend less.

HERBERT BLUEN

THE SERIALISM OF J. W. DUNNE

[**Shri S. Subhash Chandra** was formerly Lecturer in Philosophy at Osmania University. In September 1960 he was awarded a Research Fellowship by the West German Government for research work in the German Universities. He is at present attached to the Universities of Cologne and Bonn.

We print below the first part of his long essay. It outlines the background and the experiences of the late J. W. Dunne. The second part, to appear next month, will offer critical comment. The subject is of endless interest; for Time enters into all human experience, and yet is not known in its intrinsic nature.—ED.]

I

A NOTEWORTHY FEATURE of twentieth-century philosophy has been its unusual preoccupation with the problem of time. Bergson and Alexander, Einstein and Whitehead, Wells and Priestley, are the more well-known of a large number of writers who have made significant contributions to the contemporary knowledge of time. Thanks to the insistent efforts of these thinkers, time has ceased to be a diversion of the philosopher and has begun to exercise the mind of even the man in the street. The contribution of Dunne represents a significant phase of this contemporary approach to the problem of time. This article is intended to elucidate critically within a brief compass the salient features of the unique Serial Time and the consequent Serial Universe of J. W. Dunne. Our plan of presentation shall be first to provide an outline of the *Weltanschauung* of Dunne, and then to outline some criticism of it.

Unlike most contemporary writers, surprisingly enough, very little is known of the life of Dunne. Even his posthumous work *Intrusions?*, which is a near approach to an autobiography, provides only scanty and scattered bits of information about his life. Dunne appears to have spent a major portion of his early life in South Africa. He seems to have been an unusually precocious boy given to metaphysical reflections. He writes:—

> I used to lie for hours indulging in — odd though it may seem — metaphysical speculations. By the age of nine I had worked out for myself, in order to get rid of the apparently endless "inwardness" of matter, the theory of atoms. . . . I could read Euclid as easily as a grown-up person reads a novel; but my father despised mathematics. . . . I was not allowed to play games, so the sense of inferiority persisted. But I had

compensations in a great power of imagination.[1]

We also know that he had a serious accident when only six years old, which confined him to bed for three years and for two more years made him dependent upon crutches. Dunne also claims that he had a "terror of conceit." He also appears to have had an early interest in psychical research. It is clear from his writings that he had long served in the armed forces of Britain. He was also endowed with an inventive genius and he had acquired several patents in the field of aeronautics. He had written several short stories, though they did not evoke any appreciable interest or attention. Perhaps he had some interest in journalism too. He died in 1949. This, in brief, is the picture we get of Dunne, the man.

Dunne's theory of time is rooted in a background of close association with psychical research. He was evidently endowed with unusual and precocious powers in the psychical domain. In his book *Intrusions?*, published posthumously, Dunne observes: "Between the ages of twelve and thirteen I experienced on three or four occasions the curious thing which is called, I understand, 'ecstasy'."[2] During his early youth, spent in South Africa, Dunne was greatly fascinated by the various facets of psychical research, and had attended several sessions with psychical mediums. His initial reaction was one of profound disappointment. He was convinced that in a séance "nothing occurs which is not the most obvious self-deception."[3] A later séance, however, in which the medium, referring to Dunne, prophesied, "There is a young man here tonight who will be the greatest medium that the world has seen," constrained Dunne to revise his drastic rejection of the psychical phenomena. He now felt that further and more sustained research was needed. He decided to adopt an attitude of watchful attention.

A remarkable dream in 1899 appeared to confirm the prediction of extraordinary powers of mediumship. Several other dreams, which "mimicked to perfection many classical examples of alleged 'clairvoyance,' 'astral-wandering,' and 'messages from the dead or dying,' "[4] followed in a steady succession. In *An Experiment with Time,* Dunne cites eighteen unusual dreams. Of these, he deals with eight dreams at considerable length, and of others he provides an outline. It is neither

---

[1] *Intrusions?*, pp. 84-5.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 86.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 95.
[4] *An Experiment with Time,* p. 37.

possible nor necessary to summarize the content of these dreams here. It will suffice here to remark that all these dreams embodied, to use a felicitous phrase of Dunne, a "chronological aberration." They suffered from a transposed temporality. They were occurring on the wrong nights. According to Dunne, these dreams were merely displaced in time. In these dreams the future seemed to have leapt rearward, thrusting itself upon the drowsy consciousness of the dreamer. These dreams appeared to testify to an extraordinary linkage of the past, the present and the future. The three aspects of time seemed to mysteriously fuse together.

Dunne was sorely perplexed by these dreams. All reasonable explanation seemed to be far too feeble to account for these instances of displacement in time. Clairvoyance and telepathy were of no avail. Dunne asserts:—

> Clairvoyance is not an explanation. It is a meaningless expression, a mere admission of inexplicability. And telepathy required an enormous amount of stretching before it could be made to fit the facts.[5]

How, then, was one to explain these dreams? Could it be that Dunne was a victim of a series of delusions, and that "mental aberration" and not "chronological aberration" was the real culprit? Perhaps he was suffering from what the psychologists would call "Identifying Paramnesia," *i.e.*, he had had no such dreams at all, but, after reading a newspaper account of some unusual news, he was letting himself believe that he had earlier dreamt of it. A very upsetting thought! Dunne, however, soon rejected this theory. As a precaution against such a possibility, he used to write down carefully the details of his dreams upon waking up and only after that open his newspapers.

But, if he was not a victim of delusions, then he could well be a psychological freak endowed with a unique capacity for leaping in and out of the various dimensions of time. For some time Dunne seriously entertained this view, though it was no less disturbing to be regarded as a freak than as a neurotic. Soon, however, Dunne resolved to challenge this hypothesis. He asked some of his friends, his brother and sister and a cousin to collaborate with him in his experiment. He asked them to record their dreams and then to look for any future event corresponding to the content of these dreams. The results of these experiments were very encouraging. All the subjects reported having dreamt precognitive dreams. It was evident that Dunne was neither a freak nor a

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 47.

neurotic. These transpositions in time appeared to be wide-spread phenomena. Years later Dunne carried out similar experiments with twenty-two volunteers from the University of Oxford. Here too the evidence was in favour of Dunne's theory. Furthermore, Dunne points out, if we take into account those numerous cases where people visiting strange places for the first time yet encounter a feeling of familiarity, then we find scarcely any ground for rejecting the possibility of a displacement in time.

So, then, the dimensions of time seemed to be capable of intruding into one another, and the evidence for these intrusions was provided in the dream state. But were these intrusions, reflected Dunne, indissolubly linked to the dream state, or could they take place even when one was awake? In other words, was the relationship between the dream state and the intrusions of the future into the domain of the present a necessary or a contingent one? Could we have "pre-views" of the future independently of the dream state? The query was a vital one. If such intrusions could be shown to take place even in the waking state, then a drastic revision of our conception of time would be inevitable. To cite Dunne:—

> Every solution which could reduce Time to something wholly present ruled that the pre-images should be just as observable when one was awake as they were when one slept. So, why only in dreams?[6]

Dunne resolved to settle the query. He turned himself to an exploration of this aspect of the problem.

His researches were based upon the following *modus operandi*. He would pick up a book which he intended shortly to read and then concentrate deeply upon and reflect deeply over the title of the book. This would, to begin with, provide him with some associational links, which he would then, by the process of simple association, develop into a network of images. He would then open the book and start reading it. The success of the experiment would depend upon the extent to which the contents of his images (developed, be it noted, before opening the book) corresponded to the actual contents of the book. Among the books which he used for the experimental purposes were R. F. Burton's *Book of the Sword,* Baroness von Hutten's *Julia,* Arnold Bennett's *Riceyman Steps,* Mason's *House of the Arrow,* Lord Dunsany's *The King of Elfland's Daughter,* and a book of Snaith's. It is not possible to discuss

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 98.

here the details of these experiments. It will suffice to note that they proved eminently successful. In Dunne's words:—

> These experiments showed me that, provided one were able to steady one's attention to the task, one could observe the "effect" just as readily when awake as when sleeping.[7]

So, then, these intrusions of the future were no mere covert trespasses instituted when the vigilance of the mind was slackened, but were a peculiar feature of time, which had hitherto in some mysterious manner remained undetected. There was nothing stealthy or subterranean about these phenomena. They embodied certain perfectly normal idiosyncrasies of time. But these idiosyncrasies, it was palpable, involved a fundamental revision of our conception of time, and to this revision Dunne now applied himself.

Before we enlarge upon this theory we should like to say a word or two about the background of Dunne's theory. Dunne's reflections upon the problem of time coincided with a wide-spread interest in the same problem both among the philosophers and among the scientists. The dreams of Dunne constitute chronological parallelisms to the main writings of Bergson, and Dunne's emergence from the dream state to the waking state (no flippancy meant here!) almost coincided with the early publications of Einstein. In the formulation of his theory, however, Dunne appears to have been hardly, if at all, influenced by these two thinkers. Dunne was familiar with *The Time Machine* by H. G. Wells, but was not quite satisfied with it. In truth, C. H. Hinton seems to be the only writer to have influenced in the real sense of the word the time theory of Dunne. The impact of Hinton's *What is the Fourth Dimension?* on Dunne's *An Experiment with Time* is unmistakable. C. D. Broad even goes to the extent of asserting that the theory of Dunne is "simply an extension of Hinton's suggestion."

S. Subhash Chandra

(*To be concluded*)

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[7] *Ibid.*, p. 101.

VEGETARIANISM AND THE EVIL OF PREDATION

[**Dr. Alexander F. Skutch** has contributed many fine pieces of thinking to our pages. In this article he sets the question of vegetarianism in a wide perspective, and commends vegetarianism not for physiological or other benefits but as "a standing protest against predation." On certain ancillary questions such as whether Nature has been guided by "a foreseeing, benevolent mind" one might have a philosophical difference of opinion with Dr. Skutch; but on the main thesis he argues with breadth of vision and a lucid and earnest feeling.—ED.]

NATURALISTS are greatly concerned with predation. As zoologists and ecologists, they try to identify and count all the prey which each carnivorous animal devours. They minutely describe the form and functioning of the structures that predators use to seize and overcome their victims — the teeth, talons, beaks, poison fangs, tentacles and other weapons of the more aggressive kinds; the insidious traps and pitfalls of the weaker sorts of predators. They are likewise immensely interested in all the methods which the hunted creatures employ to escape capture, from direct flight to cryptic coloration and other modes of concealment, from protective armament and forbidding spines to nauseous odour and repellent taste. The interrelations of predators and prey and their effect on the evolution of animals make a fascinating study for one who preserves a purely objective attitude. Those who conjecture about the terror and pain of the victims, the distress of parents whose offspring have suddenly been snatched away and of young animals slowly dying of hunger and exposure when deprived of their parents — these more sympathetic naturalists are likely to find predation a melancholy subject.

Although naturalists have investigated predation in vast detail, philosophers have failed to give it due attention. Yet the problems which predation poses for the philosopher are hardly less important than those which it presents to the naturalist. For theology, cosmology, psychology and sociology, predation has implications which must be taken into account in any thorough discussion. The theologist has not gone to the root of his problem if he has failed to ask how it is possible to reconcile the existence of a powerful, intelligent, benevolent Creator with that of a world in which a myriad animals must daily mangle and devour countless other sentient creatures in order to live. The cosmologist who is not a theist must consider how a beneficent, constructive

process, which he must postulate in order to account for all the order and beauty in the Universe, could become involved in the vast strife which afflicts our planet, chiefly in consequence of the fact that many animals nourish themselves on the flesh of others. The psychologist should consider how the passions, attitudes, and behaviour of men and other animals have been affected in the course of many generations by the killing and callous exploitation of creatures more or less like themselves. That the passions and attitudes which predation foments powerfully influence the form of society among humans and other animals is a fact so obvious that we wonder why it is so often overlooked.

To the thoughtful mind, evil is one of the greatest of enigmas. Why the Universe should be infected with evil is, as Amiel said, a problem second in importance only to that of its existence. In broadest terms, evil is disharmony and the pain and sorrow therefrom arising. In the living world, the chief cause of strife, with all the suffering and loss that it brings, is predation, especially if we include under this heading not only the crude form exemplified by the shark and the tiger but likewise that more subtle form that we call parasitism. The parasite is a predator which lives upon or in the body of its host, sometimes causing its death after an acute and agonizing illness, but in other cases permitting it to live with more or less discomfort or pain — a course advantageous to the parasite, which benefits by the continued existence of the organism that supports it. Possibly, as some have believed, parasitism causes more suffering throughout the animal kingdom than crude predation. Without attempting to solve this problem, we may recognize that predation, in the broad sense which includes parasitism, is life's greatest evil. Whether we consider the psychic attitude of an animal that strikes down and rends the flesh of another or the hideously mangled carcass that results, predation is the most revolting aspect of nature, the cause of the greater part of the ugliness no less than of the suffering which afflicts the living world.

But the evil of predation, it may be objected, is merely physical, and some philosophies have held that bodily pains, even mutilation and death, are not evil at all, if we view them rightly. Real evil is moral evil, which exists only in the mind, in the form of hatred, anger, malice, vengefulness, envy, and similar affections, along with the deliberate intention to injure one's fellows to which these disruptive passions often give rise. But, contrary to what certain religions have taught, one who accepts the evolutionary view must recognize that physical evil, in the

form of destructive clashes between lifeless and then living things, was rife in the world long before the advent of animals capable of the forethought and choice without which moral evil, in the strict sense, cannot exist. Moral evil is not the cause but the result of physical evil. The violent passions which so often impel men to wicked deeds grew up among animals overshadowed by the horror of predation. The fangs and claws with which predatory animals seize and tear their victims would be useless without the fierceness that corresponds to them. So thoroughly has the predatory habit impregnated the whole life of raptorial birds that nestling hawks and owls, only a few days old, not infrequently attack and destroy their brothers and sisters in the nest. Such fratricidal impulses have not been detected among the young of frugivorous and insectivorous birds.

Not only does predation strongly affect the psychic life of the predators themselves; it also powerfully influences that of victims which, if capable of emotion, must fear and hate the enemies that menace them. Anger, rage and vengefulness can hardly fail to stir an animal of some intelligence who is constantly threatened by a cruel death, who perhaps has seen its mate or offspring killed and eaten by a predator. Man, who for countless generations was not only a predatory animal but likewise the prey of the larger carnivores such as tigers and wolves and the frequent victim of serpents, inevitably became infected with the whole gamut of violent passions to which predation gives rise both in the predators and their victims. This is a principal source of that heavy burden of disruptive attitudes which we must cast off in order to live righteously and fit into a good society.

The long, cruel struggle to survive in a competitive world has not been the only influence to mould our psychic life. Not only must animals eat and avoid being eaten; since in any case they are not immortal, they must reproduce their kind. Although many of the lower animals deposit their eggs and forget about them, the careful nurture of the young so greatly increases the efficiency of reproduction that parental care has been widely adopted by the higher branches of the animal kingdom. The nurture of helpless offspring promotes the growth of a set of emotions that contrast strongly with those engendered by predation. Love, tenderness, sympathy and compassion are the exquisite flowers which the nurture of offspring at last brought forth in the more highly developed minds. These affections seem to be the direct expression of the true and inmost nature of a creature formed by the beneficent, con-

structive process of harmonization, of which organic growth is an example; whereas the opposite passions of hatred, rage and the like are antithetic to this inmost nature and were imposed upon animals by the harsh struggle to survive.[1]

As civilization mitigates the individual's struggle to exist, the disruptive passions associated with predation tend to weaken. In the measure that they dwindle, the love and tenderness which are the true expression of our inmost nature reach the surface and increasingly influence our lives. Finally there may come a day when we are shocked and outraged by the harshness, the callousness, the ugliness of the old predatory life. We rebel against it. We reject whatever bodily satisfactions it might bring us. We will not accept the flesh of slaughtered animals, even if they were killed and dismembered far beyond our sight and hearing. Like many of the men and women most sensitive to their inmost nature in all the more advanced cultures since the dawn of history, we become vegetarians.

At first, no doubt, we refuse to eat the flesh of animals simply because we will not be responsible for the suffering and death of a sentient being, nor accomplices in the brutality and ugliness of the slaughterhouse. We find no pleasure in food that has cost another creature's life. But, as we continue to reflect upon the course we have taken, we see that it has wider implications. We have revolted against the régime of predation which has not only brought immense suffering to animals but has also fostered their most disastrous passions. We have refused to participate in the greatest evil which afflicts the living world. If we cannot abolish this evil, we can at least oppose it. *Vegetarianism is a standing protest against predation.*

After long abstinence from the flesh of slaughtered animals, we find that the attitudes associated with predation tend to fade from our minds. Rage, anger, hatred, and destructive violence arise in us less frequently and are more easily subdued. To exploit any creature, human or otherwise, becomes increasingly repugnant to us, and we take no delight in "sports" which consist in killing or harassing animals. Mildness and benevolence displace harshness and aggressiveness from our souls. We grow steadily in those moral and spiritual qualities which the good and the wise have ever sought for themselves. *Vegetarianism is part of a discipline for freeing our minds of the violent passions and*

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[1] See the present writer's *The Quest of the Divine* (Forum Publishing Co., Boston, U.S.A.), especially Chapter VIII.

selfish attitudes associated with predation. I say "part of a discipline" because it would be fatal to suppose that merely by abstaining from flesh we become perfect in spirit. Our flaws and limitations of character have multiple sources and are not to be corrected by any single procedure. But a vegetarian diet helps us greatly to overcome some of our spiritual defects.

Some writers have supposed that a large share of our most dangerous passions are fomented directly by a diet of flesh, and accordingly abate when we abstain from it. On this view, the undesirable psychic effects of eating flesh would appear in one who had never heard of butchering but had been led to believe that the meat served to him was the fruit of a tree. When we recall that herbivorous animals, as, for example, stallions and bulls, can be very savage, it becomes doubtful whether a diet of flesh is the direct source of the fierceness of carnivores, which seems to be correlated with their violent method of procuring their food rather than caused by the food itself. Similarly, it is doubtful whether change in diet is the immediate cause of the spiritual improvement which the adoption of a vegetarian regimen often effects. I believe that the alteration owes more to mental than to physiological factors. By denying ourselves what many people eagerly seek, we prove that we are capable of restraining our appetites for an ideal end. We have refused to enjoy a pleasure at the price of another creature's pain. This resolution, steadfastly followed from day to day, often in the midst of people who indulge in flesh and perhaps urge us to share it with them, can hardly fail to affect our outlook profoundly. We form the habit of regulating our activities with some consideration for the welfare of other beings of many kinds. This, I believe, is the principal way in which a vegetarian diet improves character. Nevertheless, when we consider the subtle interactions between body and mind, it is probable that our food directly influences our thoughts and emotions in greater or less degree; but we need to know far more about this.

Every generous man wishes that he could do something to mitigate the world's ills. But they are so vast, and the result of such complex factors, that he rarely knows how to proceed to carry out his good intentions. Yet there is one evil, the greatest and farthest-reaching of all, which we may increase or diminish by our personal habits — the primordial evil of predation. *Vegetarianism is the daily reaffirmation of our determination to use intelligence pervaded by love to overcome some of the horrible predicaments into which life has blundered because its evolution has not been guided by a foreseeing, benevolent Mind.*

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH

ROBERT GRAVES

[**Shrimati Prema Nandakumar** is a frequent contributor to *The Indian P.E.N.* and THE ARYAN PATH on literary topics. Like her father, Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, she has devoted her interest to such studies, and already has a remarkable output of lively and appreciative critical writing to her credit at her young age.

Her study of Robert Graves was a long one, and limitations of space made it necessary to remove a long section dealing with Graves's autobiography and fiction. This will appear, however, in *The Indian P.E.N.* very soon. We print below the major portion of the essay, dealing with Graves as poet and thinker on the poetic myth.

Shrimati Nandakumar suggests a parallel between Kali and the White Goddess traced by Graves through early poetic myth. It is the pathos of twentieth-century civilization that its minds of courage and integrity have encountered (in many ways, in anthropology, in psychoanalysis, in artistic experience induced by the quality of the age) Kali, in whatever name, a Nature fascinating but terrible, for ever loathesome to Apollo. Would to great Karma they could turn to lore more ancient still and know the Great Mother as she is — Kali, the Dark One, on occasion, for the necessary destruction of evil; but in the heaven of Shiva the Contemplator, Gauri, the White One; *ṛtām patnī,* Queen of Cosmic Order; the Maya of *Prakriti,* Power of Illusion, who nevertheless humbly serves the Logos of Spirit, putting those who seek Godhead to the minor and major tests.—ED.]

THERE ARE certain visible milestones in the lives of the living great, and each new milestone prompts us to survey the hero's career again and attempt a new assessment of his work. Robert Graves's recent election to the Oxford Professorship of Poetry is one such. He is no sudden luminary by any means, but has long had an established reputation. He has published a good deal, being a master of the twin harmonies of prose and poesy. The poet and novelist is also a well-known critic, though a critic with a difference; no wonder, then, that he should be called the "hydra-headed genius" of our time. There is a core of stern purposiveness in all his work, and there is a vigorous intellect engaged all the time. More than anything else, perhaps, it is his reinterpretation of ancient legends and projection of his vital theories on poetic myth that make him a special and rewarding subject of study. Whence, then, this astonishing phenomenon, this solitary reaper on the highlands of modern literature?

Robert Ranke Graves was born on July 26th, 1895, the son of an Inspector of Schools, an Irish poet and song-writer, and a parent with a large family. After being educated at Charterhouse and Oxford, young Graves joined the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1914 and saw war at first hand, Siegfried Sassoon being one of his comrades in arms. Graves experienced the full impact of the horror of trench warfare in France. On the night of July 20th, 1916, he was badly wounded in the Martinpuich sector, and was promptly listed as having died of wounds. But life was not extinct in the seeming corpse, and Graves lived to write to *The Times*:—

> But I *was* dead, an hour or more:
> I awoke when I'd already passed the door
> That Cerberus guards . . .
> "Life, life! I can't be dead, I won't be dead:
> Damned if I'll die for anyone," I said . . .
> Cerberus stands and grins above me now. . . .

Returning to life thus, Graves served in various posts (and once even returned to the trenches), but in his spare time he wrote poetry. Presently he married, went back to Oxford and took his degree, and began struggling for a livelihood. In 1926 he proceeded to Cairo as Professor of English Literature, but this "brief attempt at academic respectability" (as George Steiner describes it) lasted only one year. After various experiments in living, Graves finally settled down in the island of Majorca so as to be able to have a niche all his own far from the madding crowd. His published books up to date number almost a century, and he continues to write as fast as ever. He is now working on the Hebrew myths, and his *Symptoms of Love* has just been published in the *Observer*. In spite of his many-sided literary activity over four decades, posterity will, perhaps, judge him mainly as a poet; and Graves knows this too.

As far back as 1926 (that is, thirty-five years ago), Graves brought out his *Collected Poems*; for he had already published several small volumes of poetry. He has since revised his *Collected Poems* frequently, adding and omitting poems from time to time; the latest edition came out only in 1959. Since Graves's seal of approval is reserved only for this collection, our job is made rather easy. The book is in ten parts, the poems being arranged in chronological sequence. Seldom does Graves attempt a long poem; when he wishes to write at length, he is content to resort to prose composition. Graves might almost subscribe to the

view that a long poem is a bad poem! For the most part, these pieces included in his *Collected Poems* are brief jets of song, ejected quanta of compressed feeling. The early poems have an easy lilt, while the more recent ones have a maturer — perhaps even a ruggeder — grace; but all are marked by a freshness or piquancy in their utterance. Graves is continually alert, and every poem is to him a "fresh experiment." Poetic occasions, of course, are never wanting. Events happen; for Time never stands still. Beauty and sadness invade the lives of all. All see the movements, hear the groans. But the poet alone observes with alert imaginative attention, and only he is gifted with the capacity to record what he has seen and heard, what he has shared and suffered. Graves is such a poet, and he exemplifies in his work Goethe's words that "a particular event becomes universal and poetic by the very circumstance that it is treated by a poet."

Graves's themes are varied and rich: war, sex, mythology, magic, mystery, man, Nature — all are drawn into the current of his poetry. Eager-eyed and responsive, he faithfully assimilates his impressions, and through the interplay of imagination and intellect produces finished, haunting verse that leaves us awed and satisfied. Take, for example, "Children of Darkness":—

> Is Day prime error, that regret
> For Darkness roars unstifled yet?
> That in this freedom, by faith won,
> Only acts of doubt are done?
> That unveiled eyes with tears are wet —
> We loathe to gaze upon the sun?[1]

Or this simple passage from "The Furious Voyage" (an evocation of the final voyage of Ulysses?):—

> In ballast only due to fetch
> The turning point of wretchedness
> On an uncoasted, featureless
> And barren ocean of blue stretch.[2]

Speaking with reference to technique alone, we can very well see that Graves is a superb craftsman who takes a great deal of trouble in revising and re-editing his poems. Perfection is his goal, and even if perfection should be unattainable, he is at least approaching it, getting

[1] *Collected Poems* (1959), p. 55.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 81.

closer and still closer to it. No dead perfection for him either: his lines quiver with primordial energy. There are no mere thorny edges to startle or scratch us, but finished poems to marvel at or memorize. "Angry Samson" will serve to illustrate this:—

> Are they blind, the lords of Gaza
> In their strong towers,
> Who declare Samson pillow-smothered
> And stripped of his powers?
>
> O stolid Philistines
> Stare now in amaze
> At my foxes running in your cornfields
> With their tails ablaze,
>
> At swung jaw-bone, at bees swarming
> In the stark lion's hide,
> At these, the gates of well-walled Gaza
> A-clank to my stride.[3]

The old myth mingles with the intended new message, and in the mingling is the poem born.

As may be inferred from the later Parts of his *Collected Poems,* Graves has now apparently come into his own. In the very recent *Symptoms of Love,* the sheer earthy is thrown away and the theme of Love achieves a brilliant efflorescence. There are twenty-three poems here, all very short and quivering with the inner throb of feeling. The "symptoms" are described, the choice is given, the confession is made:—

> We never would have loved had love not struck
> Swifter than reason, and despite reason:
> Under the olives, our hands interlocked,
> We both fell silent.

Is the poet (the hero? the protagonist?) *worthy* of being chosen? Can such happiness be real? We cannot help remembering the sonnet-sequences of the Elizabethan Age, and Shakespeare's own sonnets, when such heart-searchings, self-lacerations, sudden poutings and alternations of despair and hope continually merge to produce the effect of a prolonged monologue like *Symptoms of Love.* The beloved — she is the sea, she is also the mirror:—

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[3] *Ibid.*, p. 35.

Why should I fear your element, the sea,
Or the full moon, your mirror,
Or the halved apple from your holy tree?

Again, uncertainty claws at the poet. He is thrown by her laughter, her kiss, her smile, into an anguished sea of doubts. How difficult is the practice of patience to a lover! There is the whirl of despair and hope — and, suddenly, the wheel comes full circle, there is the image of the White Goddess, embracing all the moods, all the situations:—

How am I more than a man-lion
To you a goddess, the world's queen?
Ten thousand champions of your choice
Are gone as if they had not been.

"Moon" and "sea" recur often in this short sequence: quite obviously the "moon" is the symbol of the White Goddess; and Graves, living in Majorca, contemplates often the roaring sea washing the rocks of the island. The theme of Love gathers its mysterious graces through the association of these two symbols that have themselves a close affinity. It is the passionate poet-lover rising like the sea at the sight of the beloved, beautiful and seductive as the moon. Interpretations like these must not be stressed too far, however; and, besides, Graves remains a difficult poet when we go too near to him! Like all true poetry, Graves's too should only be generally — and not too closely — understood. Has not Graves himself frowned at the inquisitive critic?

I am a proud spirit
And you forever clay. Have done.

Autobiographer, novelist, critic, poet; Graves is all these — but there is still another Graves as well, the "grammarian" of Poetic Myth. He has made a revaluation of the old mythology, going back to the home of mystery and magic where poetry was first born. *The White Goddess* is described by Graves as a "Historical Grammar of Poetic Myth"; and, in fact, his poetry and his "grammar" have strong filiations, the binding force being the "White Goddess," she from whom all poetry is born, she for whom all poetry is made. "The function of poetry," says Graves, "is religious invocation of the Muse; its use is the experience of mixed exaltation and horror that her presence excites."[4] Graves's is unquestionably a formidable thesis, something al-

[4] *The White Goddess* (1952), p. xii.

most entirely new in contemporary literature and criticism. He takes a few old Welsh ballads and interprets them as the descriptions — or invocations — of the White Goddess, thus opening before us the endless vistas of an ancient mythology. A startling picture follows to arrest the reader's attention:—

> The Goddess is a lovely, slender woman with a hooked nose, deathly pale face, lips red as rowan-berries, startlingly blue eyes and long fair hair; she will suddenly transform herself into sow, mare, bitch, vixen, she-ass, weasel, serpent, owl, she-wolf, tigress, mermaid or loathsome hag. Her names and titles are innumerable. In ghost stories she often figures as "the White Lady," and in ancient religions, from the British Isles to the Caucasus, as the "White Goddess." I cannot think of any true poet from Homer onwards who has not independently recorded his experience of her. The test of a poet's vision, one might say, is the accuracy of his portrayal of the White Goddess and of the island over which she rules. The reason why the hairs stand on end, the skin crawls and a shiver runs down the spine when one writes or reads a true poem is that a true poem is necessarily an invocation of the White Goddess, or Muse, the Mother of All Living, the ancient power of fright and lust — the female spider or the queen-bee whose embrace is death.[5]

This is verily the core of Graves's argument. Graves tries to show that the original truth of myths came to be shadowed and confused in later ages that depended more and more upon "prosaic methods of thought." According to Graves, mythology is truer than the so-called reason-based science; for, after all, science may know everything, but it understands nothing. With a sudden flash-back, Graves goes back to the childhood of the race, the life on the lap of naked Nature, and enunciates this bold hypothesis:—

> Poetry began in the matriarchal age, and derives its magic from the moon, not the sun. No poet can hope to understand the nature of poetry unless he has had a Vision of the Naked King crucified to the lopped oak, and watched the dancers, red-eyed from the acrid smoke of the sacrificial fires, stamping out the measure of the dance, their bodies bent uncouthly forward, with a monotonous chant of "Kill! kill! kill!" and "Blood! blood! blood!"[6]

Incredible as it may appear, this is the Gravesian thesis: the Moon — the death-pale White Goddess — Poetry. All the cauldrons of Car-

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[5] *Ibid.*, p. 10.

[6] *Ibid.*, pp. 445-6.

ridwen and the esoteric meanings of old, old romance meet in this one image alone: the White Goddess, in whom contraries repeatedly mingle, and we meet dread and joy at once. And Graves has tirelessly sought her, and (having presumably found her) he can now sing her praises:—

> All saints revile her, and all sober men
> Ruled by the God Apollo's mean—
> In scorn of which we sailed to find her . . .
>
> Whose broad high brow was white as any leper's
> Whose eyes were blue, with rowan-berry lips,
> With hair curled honey-coloured to white hips.
>
> Green sap of Spring in the young wood a-stir
> Will celebrate the Mountain-Mother,
> And every song-bird shout awhile for her . . .[7]

The "White Goddess" — who is she but the supreme creatrix, the home-of-all and the womb-of-all, the preserver and the destroyer? Isn't she Kali and Urvasi in one — Kali decked with a garland of skulls and Urvasi rising from the foam in her transcendent beauty? She is mistress and madonna and murderess! The passionate abandon with which Graves worships this fearful and terrible and beautiful White Goddess is revealed even in *Symptoms of Love,* his latest work. All the old fervour of awed ecstasy and surrender is here:—

> Goddess of Midsummer, how late
> You let me understand
> My lines of head, life, fate
> And heart: a broad M brand
> Inerasable from either hand.

A romantic in his agony and ecstasy who is also a classical writer in his poise and austerity, Robert Graves ramains an enigma to us when we try to analyse the changing moods of his poetry. Many of his poems are obscure, characterized by a packed density of thought. And what sort of "criticism of life," after all, does he offer in his poetry? Critics have called him a pessimist. Cohen, however, thinks that "on the whole, measured optimism outweighs pessimism in the poet's whole production." On the other hand, G. S. Fraser observes in his *Vision and Rhetoric* that Graves is only "pessimistic about the world that exists." The streak of pessimism found in Graves's poetry may be

[7] *Collected Poems*, p. 249.

traced either to the war years when many of his intellectual companions died or to the intermittent invasion of pathos; or to his seeing in this world a self-destructive passion which is the result of forgetting the ancient heritage and going madly towards the "conquest" of Nature through science. Yet one thing is certain. This pessimism does not scream itself out like the vitriolic couplets of a Pope. Instead Graves both rouses and consoles, both pierces and heals us with his delicately fashioned lyrics contrived to achieve the right cathartic effect. His is the healing, the wounds are the world's; thus, if we must blame at all, we should blame the current human situation, not the poet. For, as the poet asks,

A song? What laughter or what song
Can this house remember?
Do flowers and butterflies belong
To a blind December?

Not a bright message, by any means; yet the courage and the integrity are admirable. To have the courage to face the worst is the beginning of learning to master and exceed it. In this sense at least, Graves's poetry is a needed tonic for our terror-haunted times.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

THE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE, the Realm of the Divine Mind — beautiful; the most beautiful of all; lying lapped in pure light and in clear radiance; the original of which this beautiful world is a shadow and an image; tranquil in the fullness of glory since in it there is nothing devoid of intellect, nothing dark or out of rule; a living thing in a life of blessedness — This must overwhelm with awe any that has seen it, and penetrated it, to become a unit of it.

—PLOTINUS

THE CHILD IN SOCIETY

[THIS ARTICLE is based upon a talk given by **Mr. M. A. Langdell, B.Sc., A.R.C.M.,** Headmaster of Markfield County Secondary School, London, to the Indian Institute of World Culture, London Branch, on October 5th, 1961. He brings home the great need for adults to assume conscious responsibility for all the influences that are brought to bear upon a child in society. If the adults do their duty thoroughly, he feels, many of the problems of the juveniles will be attacked at the roots.—ED.]

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SCHOOLMASTERS has maintained throughout the forty years of its existence the great importance of the family unit in the field of education and in the wider areas of society generally. The whole history of mankind reveals the necessity of the continuance of the security, the comfort, the educative forces to be found in the sound family unit. The word itself derived from the Latin has great significance when seen in relationship to *familia* — household *famulus* — servant or attendant. One member of the household bears a responsibility for the rest. The responsibilities of parenthood are fundamental to the establishment of the true home.

Mr. Harry Bell in his presidential address to the Association at Blackpool last Easter said:—

> Though marriage is essentially a partnership, I am firmly of the opinion that the roles of the respective partners can be clearly defined and are determined by the differing physical and emotional characteristics of the two sexes. Thus by virtue of his greater physical potential the male is the provider and by virtue of her greater capacity for patience, love and understanding the mother is the administrator. Thereby we can see quite clearly the quality of the impact that these two profoundly important people should make upon the growing child. Mother the sheet anchor, the giver of love, comfort, security; by her constant presence, the figurehead of stability in the child's changing world. The wise Solomon of the home to whom the young child may turn to seek solutions to its many problems, in fact, the one person who can best provide all the ingredients of healthy physical and mental growth. There is no need, therefore, to emphasize the profound importance of the mothers in our society and the outstanding part that they play in the moral, emotional and physical development of our future citizens. Yet it is true that, in the main, young women enter upon this sacred work unskilled, untrained, unprepared and often quite unaware that a woman can find her deepest satisfaction in the development of the skills and character necessary in homemaking. Alas,

it is true also that so often these days she is not there in the home with her children, rather is she engaged in the pursuit of tawdry, material improvement for the home. On her return she is too tired, too jaded, too preoccupied with her other life to give herself wholly and unselfishly to her children. And what of the father in this situation, is he able to maintain his position as head of the house, thus presenting to his children an image of strength and wise leadership? Is he still able to assert that essential control and discipline in the home from which grows self-discipline and self-control? Or is it more likely, as so often is the case, that he will make a futile endeavour to take over, quite inadequately, where his wife has failed, then give the whole thing up as a hopeless task and seek solace outside the home?

The education of the child, by which I imply the full preparation for life in the testing world of the latter half of the twentieth century, begins in the home. It may be said to begin in the warmth and security of the womb. Certainly the roots to full and healthy growth are established and sent deep before the child reaches school age. The infant needs love, security, warmth, routine and two parents with "one voice." Inevitably crises occur in every child's life — the change from home to school, the arrival of another baby in the home, the change from primary to secondary education, the stirrings of adolescence and others which are part of the family life. On such occasions the home is the refuge, the source of comfort and guidance. I quote again:—

Many of the anti-social characteristics which become apparent in some adults can be traced back to unhappy childhood caused through inadequate family life. Those of us who spend our working days in the world of children are frequently made aware of the awful tragedies brought about by the unhappy and broken home and by the refusal or inability of parents to face up to their responsibilities. All too often we are brought face to face with some of the serious consequences arising out of disturbances in a child's early human attachments. We see the small child unduly worried and bewildered by some slight change in its school programme and we know that it is unhappy and insecure at home. We witness the sad decline of a child's standards of conduct, honesty and loyalty and we know that it is inwardly worried by parental conflict. The belligerent, unpopular boy who bullies his way through school is probably unwanted and unloved at home. The child who shows no regard for discipline and scant respect for persons or property is likely to be living in an environment where these attitudes are part of everyday living. Most of all we are concerned that in all probability these children, spending

their most formative years in an environment where doubtful values exist, will themselves one day become unsatisfactory parents.

It used to be accepted that three educative forces supported the child in its growth towards the establishment of the mature social being. Like three legs of a tripod they held up the structure. They were the home, the school and the church. Sadly it is true that the influence of the last has gone in many cases. My experience in a large secondary school in an industrial area reveals that most families have little contact with organized religion. One support has gone. The influence of home and family is much less apparent for good than ever before. Children get themselves off to school; they return to empty houses; they are part of the "latch-key army" or, worse, they run the streets until someone comes home. Some come to school too tired, unfit in body and spirit, to learn. The responsibilities that are the parents' for even the bodily welfare of children are in some cases shrugged off and passed to the school.

The remaining leg of the tripod is the school which continues to teach fundamental values and does not confine itself to the narrower duty of imparting knowledge. The good school teaches the inherent value of work, the necessity for truth and honesty in daily life. It attempts to develop a sense of responsibility and a social conscience. The teacher sometimes feels abandoned, wonders whether his is a voice crying in the wilderness and his proclaimed values alien in an age when current slogans include — "I'm all-right Jack" — "Couldn't care less" — "Never had it so good." Self-interest, material things, Pools, Bingo, the "fast buck" — are these the modern values? If society as a whole condones or ignores these things how can it blame the young, the adolescent, flush with money as he is, when he goes off the rails? He is walking on shifting sands and overhead — who knows? — the atom bomb. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow. . . ? The adults of today carry the burden of blame for our young people who go wrong. Perhaps our desire for liberty has opened the door to licence. Perhaps in a fully educated society of mature beings, the temptations of our age, the salacious, the meretricious, the bad book, film, play and television would be spurned and cease to be big business. Until such time as society is educated and mature, surely the State has a responsibility to protect its future citizens:—

In 1934 there were 195,000 indictable offences known to the police, in 1959 there were 675,600. This is a threefold increase and represents,

with the exception of 1954, a steady annual rise. Perhaps the most distressing feature of this dreadful trend is the fact that last year, very nearly a half of all those found guilty of indictable offences were under 21 years of age. More disturbing still is the knowledge that the biggest single group of those before the courts was that between the ages of 14 years and 17 years. Now these delinquents are mere children and are either still attending or have very recently left our educational establishments. To that section of our society which concerns itself with moral welfare, and this group must include all connected with education, this startling evidence of the growth of crime must be taken as a measure of failure. We cannot afford to be complacent while crime and violence increases, while the prisons of this country are full to overflowing because one in sixty-eight of the population is committing an indictable offence annually.

No section of the community can escape part of the censure which the previous statement reveals. These young people were in our schools until recently; and teachers, I am certain, are not complacent. That they feel depressed is certain; that they feel a little let down is not surprising: classes are too large, trained teachers are too few, dilapidated schools too common. This nation can only afford apparently 3 to 4 per cent of the national income for education. Russia devotes 10 to 12 per cent and the United States 9 to 10 per cent. Educate on the cheap and inevitably this nation will decline in the modern world to the third rate. A new look at education with a hand on heart would be the foundation of preventive medicine against the present sickness in our society.

Such measures are vital but will not cure the present epidemic, and one feels depressed as does Mr. Foster of the Central After Care Association, Borstal division, when he says, "We are trying to present as acceptable standards that must seem farcical when compared with their manner of life in their natural habitat," and "We are trying in a brief period to reshape a pattern of conduct that is the product of years of sordid experience." Police, magistrates, probation officers, psychologists, after-care officers and other excellent people are heavily engaged in this struggle against the criminal and anti-social activities of so large a section of our young people. A good deal of research is being made into the reasons for the behaviour, and explanations are offered as to why the individual is anti-social. Is not the answer simple? They have not been taught the difference between right and wrong. They have no social conscience.

May I in conclusion suggest that the depression need not be entirely unrelieved? There are some thin rays of light to break here and there the gloom. If one takes a very long view historically civilization has developed, and society with it, not as in a straight-line rising graph, but by a complex curve ultimately climbing but with its periods of depression. The morals of 1961 theatre are attacked — what of Restoration plays? Can we forget Hogarth's exposure of social conditions as he saw his England or Dickens's commentary on nineteenth-century society? Such cycles as are hinted at are not confined to this country — Margaret Trouncer's novels on eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century France are revealing — nor will they be. It will be necessary to take an international view of social responsibility and conscience in ever increasing measure in the next few decades. There have always been bad parents, not necessarily restricted to the social level associated with poverty. Remember the sons of Eli or the tyrant Barrett of Wimpole Street. Our difficult children today are those born under the shadow of a violent war; their parents were born in the shadow of the first world war. The threat of a third is ever present. What may be surprising, and we must not forget this, is the splendid calibre of the majority of young people today. Many are achieving standards of responsibility and scholarship unsurpassed. Our schools are dealing with "the first generation" in full secondary school education. More young people are remaining in these schools beyond the compulsory span of education. The national average is 25 per cent and rising. Parents are gradually becoming mindful of the need for education and association between parent and teacher more positive and mutually beneficial. I believe that if we are spared a "hot war" then the nation will come to reject those influences which threaten the character of its people; lasting values will again support through home, school and church the solid structure which will be a nation's pride and a world's example. The uncertain period of "adolescent growth" of a large section of our social order will have been successfully negotiated.

M. A. Langdell

A JOURNEY TO HELL

AN ALLEGORY

[**Shrimati Anasuya R. Shenoy** has written a simple and perfectly true story. It has happened not once but many times; and it has happened in a *loka* we all know. For the true name of the hell she describes is Myalba, our earth.—Ed.]

Once a Dweller of Heaven looked down and said to himself, "I must see what Hell is like." But when he came near the gates of Heaven in order to go out the watchman stopped him, saying, "Where are you going? If you are going on a journey to Hell you had better take a friend with you. He will remind you when the time is up, and bring you back safe here."

So the Dweller of Heaven went towards Hell with a friend by his side. And he saw strange sights.

He saw a dilapidated structure, worn out, full of decay and in ruins. Men went round it worshipping. And he asked, "What is this hollow thing that you worship?" And they replied, "Don't you know, this is our religion. We worship what is true and glorious." And pity filled his heart, and he said, "Alas! alas! You worship but the shell, the decayed moth-eaten remains. Alas!" And the men were angry and said, "Who are you to tell us so? Go your own way."

And he went, and saw an altar, high and pure, but the men around it besmeared it, cutting it into pieces and each taking one piece for himself, so that the whole altar was debased and looked crooked and weak. And he asked, "What are these tiny pieces that you hold in your hands and worship so?" "It is Truth. We worship the Altar of Truth," they replied. Then he asked again in surprise, "Why do you worship only a piece, and not the Whole?" "You ask such silly questions! You really must be a stranger here. What we take is the Whole. There is nothing besides. Don't you see?" The Dweller of Heaven turned away, his heart stirred to the depths with pity.

Then he saw a group of men collected around an idol with a grotesque shape and an unclean mien. It had a shape and at the same time it was without a shape. It brought a smile to his face and he asked, "What is this ridiculous thing?" And the men replied, "We are worshippers of Beauty. This is the Beauty which we will absorb and recreate again." "Alas, alas!" cried the Dweller of Heaven, "If only you knew! If only you knew what is Beauty and the meaning of Beauty!

Alas, to worship so an Imperfection!" And the men were angry and cried, "Who are you who say so? What else is there that is more perfect? We know of naught, except this." And tears rose to the eyes of the Dweller of Heaven.

And then he saw men sitting on a cluster of trees the branches of which entwined with one another and had made themselves into a large and wide platform. But the branches overhead were broken and were ready to fall on them and suffocate them with the heavy and bitter fruits, and he saw the roots of the trees eaten away by tiny insects until the trees stood as though supported by tiny threads which might give way any moment. But the men sat smiling and self-contented, engrossed in themselves. "What madmen are these," cried he, "to sit so, smiling, when peril is upon them!" They replied, "We are those who have found happiness. We smile because we are happy." And the Dweller pointed up and pointed down, saying, "Alas, alas! You perish tomorrow! How blind you are!" And the men threw sticks at him saying, "Go your own way, traveller. It is you who are blind." And the Dweller wept.

Next he saw men going about in masks, one not knowing another. "Why do you wear masks?" he asked. "Masks? We know not of any," they replied. "But you hide your faces," he said. "Oh! that!" they said. "That is our Morality. We have to have a Morality."

"But why different types?"

"We have to adopt one that suits us. What sort of simpleton are you that you do not know?"

"Alas, alas! a Morality that hides your true self, and one that is so false!" And the Dweller turned away his face in sorrow, and went forward.

And he saw men searching a sandy waste, dry with heat and scorched by the sun's rays. "What do you seek here?" he asked. "Go away, we have no time," they replied. "We are searching for the Fountain of Peace. When we succeed, we proclaim our find and thus serve others." "Oh! what pathos!" cried the Dweller of Heaven, "to search a desert for life-giving waters! Alas, what a pity!" The Dweller wept in compassion and walked on.

Then he saw strange men walking round in circles looking neither this side nor that. One wide circle they had drawn around themselves and were intently looking on the ground muttering, "Whither, Whence?" "Who are these men?" asked the Dweller loudly, looking at this strange spectacle. They looked at the ground and replied, "We are those who

have lost our memories. We are trying to find the whither and whence of ourselves."

"But why don't you look upwards? Heavenwards? And why don't you come out of the narrow circles into the wide open spaces?"

"Heavenwards is a void. Everything else is a void. Only here can we find the answer."

"You are wrong," cried the Heaven-Dweller, "Your memory will come back when you look up, not down. At your feet there is only earth and clay. Look up."

But the men went on, and never answered or took notice of the Dweller of Heaven. And the Dweller sat down, his face wet with tears, and sobbed in pity for these men.

Then the friend by his side gently touched his shoulder and said, "The time is up, friend. Now you must return to Heaven. You have seen enough."

But the Dweller of Heaven answered, "How can I, O Friend, leave these creatures in this Hell of Ignorance and come away? How can I have peace any more, or joy, knowing there live men in such a hell? I would rather I might come down to them and show them their folly and teach them other ways of wisdom. Oh! how can I any more dwell in Heaven?"

His friend asked, "Would'st thou forsake the joy and peace of Heaven and stay in this place full of stupidity? Come, let us go back."

But the Dweller of Heaven did not move. "I will not come, Friend," he replied.

His friend sighed. "This happens to some who leave Heaven in order to come and see Hell. I see that the Great Compassion hath descended on thee, and it is futile to dissuade thee. I depart hence."

And the Dweller of Heaven, with tears in his eyes, rose and mingled with the men of Hell.

ANASUYA R. SHENOY

. . . compassion speaks and saith: "Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?"

—*The Voice of the Silence*

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE TRINITY*

THIS IS an outstanding book, far from the customary theological thinking. It offers an original interpretation of the true essence of the Bible. The Bible is a revealed scripture and all revelations use symbolism more than mere language of words. The words of the holy Bible also have a symbolism which must be understood before its true meaning can be obtained. It is such an interpretation which makes the author's work profoundly significant.

The central theme of the author's interpretation is the biblical Trinity of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The book takes its title from this theme. The Key to the profound biblical allegory of the truth of life is this Trinity. Mind, Thought and Bodily Form are said to represent the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. God the Father is the Mind, not the Brain but the Spirit, soul, consciousness and life. The Son is the Thought, the activity of the Mind. The Holy Ghost is the Bodily Form or the Ghost or the Shadow of life. According to the author, life and existence are primarily and essentially mental or spiritual in nature. Life and Intelligence are qualities of spiritual Mind and Thought and not of the material body and the brain. Thought governs all aspects of life, wholly and completely. Therefore by virtue of a higher standard of Thought based on the purely mental concept of life, improvement automatically takes place in the individual health and circumstances to correspond with the improved state of mind.

The creation and the exile from the Garden of Eden are explained in the light of this view. They who lose their true conception of life as mental find that they lose eventually also the ideal material condition of life — the Garden of Eden that arises from this concept of life. Self-exiled humanity is at liberty to return to its ideal material condition of life at any time it is ready and willing to exalt its thinking to the higher and spiritual level. The "serpent" which beguiles is the mistaken belief that manifestation is itself life. The Fall begins with the process of identifying life with matter and its manifestations. The author, unknowingly, gives the Vedanta view. This mistaken but almost universal belief that life and creation are material does not make them so, but makes man lose control over matter and become its slave and prisoner. Mankind will have to change its belief to correspond with truth. If it does not, it will break itself to pieces while it is dragged at the chariot-wheels of materialism — which it is doing today.

Christ's birth, metaphysically interpreted, therefore, is not a physical birth but a spiritual rebirth. Metaphysically speaking there is neither physical birth nor physical death for the simple reason that there is no physical life. Life is not physical. Life is in the Mind, not in the body, which is the shadow or image of the Mind. Therefore, a spiritual rebirth, which Christ's birth represents, is always virginal.

This Trinity is also signified by the

**Trinity Key*. By H. B. STEPHENS. (The Author, Cascais, Portugal. Available at Thacker and Co., Bombay. 251 pp. 1961.)

Three Wise Men. "The Star in the East" which they followed was the mental concept of life which guides them to the ultimate truth. Of the Three Wise Men, the one who brought the gift of gold, the pure and enduring metal, was representative of God the Father or the Mind. The second, who brought the gift of fragrant incense, was representative of the Son or Thought. Thirdly, the one who brought the gift of raisin or myrrh, with a sharp, bitter taste, was representative of the Holy Ghost, the physical body. Mary stands for the meditative way of life. The Christ idea of truth, the Child, was born of meditation. Joseph is the representative of the Father or Mind, Mary of the Son or the Thought and Christ of the Holy Ghost or bodily form: Herod stands for a material sense of life; Egypt means bondage to that sense. The biblical saying that Christ was born at Bethlehem is also symbolical. Bethlehem is a Hebrew word meaning house of bread and food. As food is to the body, so thought is to the mind. So the true nativity of Christ is in Thought.

New illumination is thrown on prayer. Material creation is always an inadequate and often a perverted reflection of the real spiritual creation. In praying or mentally working out the solution of the problems of life, we should not attempt to influence material creation directly. In attempting this our standard of thought sinks to the material level and loses in efficacy, power and strength. Mind is the cause of matter. We should improve our mind and thought, and inevitably, as a necessary sequel, material conditions will improve. That is the true meaning of "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (*Matthew*, 6:33).

Every wrong thought that mankind entertains, every idle word that men shall speak, shall work itself out in time in strict conformity to the eternal law of life and to the detriment of the wrong-thinking people. "They shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." The day of judgment is an individual matter as well as collective. It is every day for everyone.

The author sounds profound depths in his analysis of the Sumerian religion of ancient Babylonian and Assyrian empires in Mesopotamia. His comments on Judaism and Zoroastrianism are stimulating and original. His lack of reference to the rich treasures of Indian religions and spiritual literature on "Trinity," probably shows his unawareness of this branch of knowledge. In the Vedas, the Upanishads and the *Gita* of India, this spiritual trinity is not merely a trinity of concepts but of functions and purposes, explaining the triune phenomena of creation, preservation and dissolution of the universe of time and space. The metaphysics of Sound or the Word as exemplified in the *Om-kāra* is a trinity of Sounds. The same trinity is explained in a trinity of qualities in positive, negative and neutral. According to Indian metaphysics the Trinity is the very basic device by which the noumenon impresses itself on the phenomenon of the universe of time and space.

Few books in recent times have done so much as this short but profound interpretation, notwithstanding the defect which the reviewer has just mentioned. In interpreting the essential message of Christianity in the light of the modern age, the author has done a great service to the cause of right thinking in present-day confusion. The author's general conclusions are in accord with the ancient teachings of the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Tantras of India and her many spiritual disciplines and systems of philosophy. In this age of materialism,

this book holds up a mirror to show the true nature of materialism. If this book arrests even a small part of the current intellectual fashion of the glamorous adventures of the physical sciences and their concomitant materialism, it will serve towards a much-needed revision of human thinking. It was time for someone to say that the Bible is not unscientific as the scientists would have us believe, but rightly understood, is more scientific than the most advanced physical sciences of the modern age. This book is at least on the verge of saying this.

P. B. MUKHARJI

The Bhagavad Gita. Translated from the Sanskrit with an Introduction by JUAN MASCARÓ. (The Penguin Classics. Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, England. 122 pp. 1962. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Sir Edwin Arnold's *Song Celestial* first made me aware of the wonder of the *Gita*. Then the excellent translation by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood, *The Song of God,* with its illuminating Introduction by Aldous Huxley, helped me to understand it better. Now comes *The Bhagavad Gita* put into English by Juan Mascaró.

This valuable work by the compiler of *Himalayas of the Soul,* which established his qualifications for the task, has clearly been carried out with the greatest care and reverence. The Introduction gives a most useful background to the study.

Enough cannot be written about the *Gita* — its truths are so momentous, presented in a form so brilliantly and concisely a summary of all scriptural teaching, and it is so easy for us to take from its context one or other that appeals to our own desire. A little learning is indeed a dangerous thing when it leads us to do this. Certain selected verses might tempt us to believe that all we had to do was to strive to identify ourselves with the One Self and detach ourselves from the workings of Nature, which deny our union with God.

The whole burden of the *Gita* is against this belief. The goal held out to man is not escape from life and its often painful duties, not self-extinction in God, a return to his previous nothingness, but an advance to self-fulfilment, when the material mould is struck away and the separate soul it has shaped and trained stands facing God still. The union that is open to us is the perfected communion of this immortal soul with God.

We may not, except at our peril, ignore the purpose of God's creation, which is to enable the Infinite to enjoy the experience of relationship. This can only be achieved by Its willing submission to a framework of existence, especially designed (and upheld by faultless law) to cloak Its all-pervading unity. When one, like Ramakrishna, sees the God in all, he sees this truth too, and he himself submits to it. God winks, and the "game," from its delicious new height, develops eternally.

Prakriti (Nature) cannot be overcome till we accept it, see it not as the enemy in our search for God, but the one essential to our separate existence at all. Then we seek not to escape, but to control and use it, to further God's plan for infinite self-expression, infinite self-knowing.

When we know what we are we shall not oppose Nature's perfect design. We shall work it out to its glorious end, rejoicing in our freedom there. Juan Mascaró's work is a blessed help on our way, and we ought not to fail to profit by it.

D. S. MAXTED

The Ancient Worlds of Asia: From Mesopotamia to the Yellow River. By ERNTS DIEZ. Translated by W. C. DARWELL. (Macdonald, London. 240 pp. Illustrated with photographs and maps. 1961. 30*s*.)

Herr Diez must be almost unique in his scope and versatility in the vast field of Asian prehistory and early civilizations. This translation by Mr. W. C. Darwell of *Entschleiertes Asien* is, oddly enough, from a French version by L. Mézeray, apart from a chapter added since the Dead Sea Scrolls emerged. The English is suave enough, with very few flatnesses.

It is interesting that this book has reached British readers simultaneously with M. André Parrot's lordly *Sumer,* which covers a period from the sixth millennium to 1,150 B.C. M. Parrot stresses the origins of all art with the Sumerians; and if there is one strain linking or unifying Herr Diez's rather confusing (for most readers) synopses, it is his thesis that primitive art was shaped by primitive cosmology. This is stressed ably in his tenth chapter, especially the "god on a mountain" theme, occurring from Babylonia to Cathay. Amid the bewildering and long drawn-out interactions of these remote peoples, their rises and clashes and falls and strange survivals, Herr Diez's erudition does substantiate this one theme and convince us that art, literature and science began with the Sumerians.

His survey covers a vast amount of archæological discovery in Iran, Burmah, China of several dynasties; and he has much comprehension of vanished Assyrians and surviving Buddhists. There are some good photographs, though, like the "Suggestions for Further Reading," they must necessarily seem arbitrarily selected. The tone of the volume as a whole is perhaps rather versatile than scholarly: it is irritating that the date of the original is not given, which can hardly be an oversight. The chapter "The City of Peace," by the way, must be recommended to the comparatively numerous readers fascinated by Baghdad.

H. P. COLLINS

The Philosophy of Compassion: The Return of the Goddess. By ESME WYNNE-TYSON. (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. 282 pp. 1962. 30*s*.)

This book is designed to recover so far as possible in our day the truths of the Higher Wisdom with which the great spirits of the distant past were familiar but which have been forgotten, wilfully denied, or wickedly distorted in recent centuries. These truths must now be recovered and re-enthroned in the heart and head of modern man if spiritual self-destruction is to be averted. The strong appeal that it will make lies as much in the immense force of its author's moral earnestness as in the richness of her spiritual perception. She is that rare being, an imaginative moralist who feels with the mental and human immediacy of the artist conscious of the modern necessity for the solution of the problem of selfless living.

If man is to evolve to a higher sphere, which is believed to be his eventual destiny, he must first curb his present aggressive male propensities and subject them to the higher claims of the more perfectly balanced compassionate instincts embosomed in the Feminine Principle. The theme that recurs repeatedly, as in a musical fugue, is that Woman is the true Civilizer. In the light of history it would seem that the case for woman in this rôle is unassailable. At the same time, however, sight must not be lost of the comple-

mentary and compensatory masculine function in the order of things.

Occidental thought in recent centuries has over-glorified the qualities of aggressive power, will, intellect, strength, and so on, which gave rise to the conception of God as an all-male deity. The call today must be for a reversion to the conception of the combined Father-Mother principle that once held sway in the past. In our present state of evolution, the balance between the sexes can only be restored when the Feminine Principle draws level again with the Male. The late Pope Pius XII showed himself actually aware of this need to reinstate the Wisdom-Goddess, both externally, and internally in the heart of the race, when he wrote of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary being made dogma in 1960:—

> It was recognized even in prehistoric times that the primordial divine being is both male and female. But such a truth eventuates in time only when it is solemnly proclaimed or rediscovered.[1]

By its moral depravity and spiritual poverty, the race has almost forfeited its right to exist. Esmé Wynne-Tyson supports her argument by citing Shakespeare as providing an example of the requisite Divine Equipoise in his play *The Merchant of Venice,* where justice, symbolized by Shylock, is shown to be an evil without the balance of Mercy, symbolized by Portia. "For the course of Justice none of us should see salvation: we do pray for mercy. . . . " Using the simile of the chrysalis and the butterfly, Esmé Wynne-Tyson suggests that

> the masculine aspect might be said to regulate the life of the chrysalis, while the feminine aspect aids the butterfly to emerge from its limiting sheath. The masculine perpetuates the *status quo*, the feminine is the way of evolution to a higher state. The masculine is for the man who is content to remain a Centaur: the feminine is for the initiate who aims at the status of Perfect Manhood.

This book must be read with eyes cleared of all intellectual prejudices and deeply pondered with a mind open to its all-important message and implications for this unbalanced generation. Her book is not only a storehouse of profound spiritual insight but a "way-book" for the soul aspiring to divine wisdom. It frankly faces the difficulties which are bound to beset the seeker, but it also reminds him of the fact (too often forgotten) that the mystical life is not really some abnormal condition of consciousness, or the prerogative of a few select spirits sheltered from the experiences and duties of normal existence, but a veritable state of inner enlightenment which can illumine all the business of ordinary external existence.

VICTOR RIENAECKER

Gnosticism: An Anthology. Edited by ROBERT M. GRANT. (Collins, London. 254 pp. 1961. 25*s.*)

Much has been written in modern times of Gnosticism, and many accounts have been given of its teaching. Recently fresh interest has been aroused in the subject by the discovery in 1945 of a Gnostic library at Nag-Hammadi in Egypt. The library comprised forty-four treatises written in Coptic, the great majority of which have not yet been translated. Now Dr. R. M. Grant, Professor of New Testament at the Uni-

[1] Quoted in *Answer to Job.* By C. G. JUNG. Trs. from German by R. F. C. HULL. (Routledge and Kegan Paul).

versity of Chicago, already known for his work on the subject, has issued a most useful anthology of Gnostic writings. He includes in his book translations of extracts from the works of the Church Fathers which contain an account of the various Gnostic schools, together with translations of Gnostic writings found in Egypt in the nineteenth century and some of the newly discovered treatises. Among these are *The Gospel of Mary, The Secret Book of John* and *The Gospel of Truth* (attributed to the great Gnostic leader of the second century, Valentinus). Dr. Grant also includes in his anthology four tractates from the Hermetic writings, which he describes as "semi-Gnostic," and an abridged translation of the chapter in the *Enneads* of Plotinus containing his criticism of Gnostic teaching and a brief extract from Porphyry's *Life of Plotinus*. He commences his work with an Introduction summing up the leading features of Gnostic teaching and discussing briefly its origins, and he concludes with a glossary of Gnostic names and terms and a comprehensive bibliography.

Dr. Grant has made accessible in a handy form the main sources of our present knowledge of Gnosticism, and his book is an indispensable introduction to the study of the subject. Anyone approaching the matter in the expectation of finding in the writings of the Gnostics much evidence of profound spiritual illumination is bound to be disappointed. A great deal of work still remains to be done, but the books so far known to us are a strange blend of profound thought and fantasy. There was, no doubt, a mystical element in the "gnosis" of these teachers, but for the most part that "knowledge" consisted in a series of elaborate myths concerning the intermediate beings (or "Aeons") believed to be responsible for the creation of the physical world. Plotinus criticizes the Gnostics for ascribing to the Creator "the character and experience appropriate to partial beings," and the criticism is amply justified by their writings. The newly discovered *Gospel of Truth* is an exception to this. So are the extracts from the Hermetic books, which afford far greater evidence of spiritual enlightenment than the majority of Gnostic works, but they are not properly Gnostic.

SIDNEY SPENCER

Journey into Burmese Silence. By MARIE BEUZEVILLE BYLES. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 220 pp. Illustrated. 1962. 25*s*.)

This reviewer has spent a sunny but cold Sabbath indoors with a vile cold (*Maya* or not) reading this tantalizingly fascinating book. The author says that the Burmese dread the cold weather; so there is a true contact between them and this Ego — in spite of No-Ego worth mentioning. To most Westerners in the West, Buddhism appears as a form of Esoteric Rationalism rather than as a vivid religious expression, but in true livingness this narrative of actual response to its philosophy and practice can be placed high on the shelf of the library to be found in most human temples. It owes as much to the personality (though a metaphysical illusion) and to a gift of writing, as it obscurely owes to the theme studied.

"Peace" is overstressed as a word, just as "Love" is mangled in Personal-God religions, but a quotation from Vinoba Bhave (p. 50) adjusts: "True Samadhi is not merely stillness of the mind, but a perennial state of perfect

equanimity. . . ."

Some methods of yogic development in these Buddhist retreats in Burma cannot be endorsed. Some are definitely Hatha-Yoga, as on p. 36. An undercurrent of callousness with regard to suffering seems to be part of the training. Relief comes to the author under training while suffering. "Did you get relief?" asks the Instructor. "Yes." "It is a pity you got relief. . . . When you try to escape from pain it only returns . . . ask yourself who feels the pain, you find there is no self. . . ." It is yourself who tells you there is no self!

Many of the pleasant people so well described are better than their philosophy, being just human, kindly and helpful — a little spoilt by monkery — but letting Truth come of its own accord. The book is recommended for just that, and its natural charm.

E. V. HAYES

Madhva's Teachings in His Own Words. By B. N. K. SHARMA. (Bhavan's Book University. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 180 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.00; 3*s*. 6*d*.; 90 cents)

This summary of Madhva's works is exhaustive, accurate and authoritative. But in maintaining that all that Madhva says is philosophically sound the author lays himself open to several objections. Here we can point to a few.

The author has stated and defined all the kinds of evidence accepted as valid and indispensable in philosophy but he gives disproportionate importance to only two of them — perception and *Sākṣī*. Daily experience shows that the first is frequently unreliable and the second is much too arbitrary to be raised to the position of highest authority. The other evidences of inference and analogy are essential and more useful in establishing what is real.

Madhva's conception of permanently dependent and independent reals is inconsistent with the absolute supremacy of Brahman. Madhva accepts that the soul is self-luminous and partakes of the nature of Brahman. Suffering is due to attachment to the world and is real. The Advaitin's theory that suffering is due to ignorance, he holds, is wrong and, if it were true, would reduce the struggle for liberation to a farce. Our answer is that the dream analogy is perfectly sound and suffering through ignorance or fancy is just as intense as suffering which is actual. Consequently, removal of this ignorance will lead to liberation of the soul.

Again, Madhva considers that the grace of the Lord alone is necessary for liberation. If this were so the idea of self-realization would lose its force. The Scriptures emphasize the paramount importance of individual effort.

Next, all the scriptures declare that whatever has name, form or attributes must come to an end. Therefore the conception of Brahman who has attributes must give place to the higher one of Brahman without attributes. Moreover, it seems to us that the state of the soul after liberation according to Madhva is not very different from what it was before liberation, as liberation means the attainment of a place called Vaikuṇṭha and dwelling there for ever in the presence of Vishnu, who is equated with Brahma (of course, having attributes, and ever singing His glory).

Now, speaking of *maya* or illusion, the impartial and universally acknowledged view is that Śaṁkara considers the world neither altogether real nor altogether unreal. After self-realization, that is, the realization that the soul is

Brahman (of course, without attributes) the world is seen to be unreal.

Coming to the sublimest doctrine ever conceived by men, the doctrine of the identity of the soul with attributeless Brahman, we notice that scriptural passages in support thereof are legion. While it is logical to explain the smaller number of separateness-texts on the principle of empiricism approved and adopted by all philosophers, to declare with Madhva that the identity-passages, which in content and expression represent the high-water mark of Indian philosophy, are but specimens of exaggeration natural to an abnormal state of our soul is to indulge in a piece of unpardonable sophistry.

The note on devotional literature is deeply interesting. The author has done great service to Karnataka by pointing out that scholars here have yet to produce an authentic history of the lives of such saints as Purandaradasa, who lifted the masses out of the quagmire of outmoded ritual.

D. M. SUBRAHMANYAM

Samadhi: The Superconsciousness of the Future. By MOUNI SADHU. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 182 pp. 1962. 21*s*.)

Certain kinds of superconsciousness, as practised in India, have encouraged the idea that realization of what we truly are means a total absorption and abstraction in the realm of the unconditioned, hardly distinguishable from cataleptic trance. But the true teachers have never approved such doctrine. Admittedly there have been exceptional men, such as Sri Ramakrishna, who frequently passed into a blissful subjective state in which they were oblivious of their surroundings. Such men can be regarded as spiritual lighthouses or powerhouses through whom the vibration of the higher realms can pass to those capable of receiving them. But abnormal extremes of spiritual experience are easily parodied by charlatans and if realization consisted only of this, how much of life would be left unredeemed by understanding!

In this book, the third of a trilogy which began with recollections of his Master, Ramana Maharshi, Mouni Sadhu emphasizes the cost of transcending the dualistic condition and bringing the mind to rest in the true Self. And he offers himself as a guide to those who are ready thus to seek enlightenment. As a disciple of Ramana Maharshi he particularly favours the methods of "Self-enquiry" and he agrees with his Master that in true *Samadhi* "nothing relative remains, only the *Absolute*," or, in other words, that "the mind is completely dead."

Such statements are apt to be misleading. Certainly the new vision is born of the death of all false mental activity. But it should not, surely, involve the extinction of our human faculties, but rather their creative coordination. No one is more wholly Self-possessed than he who has dissociated himself from his body and its desires and from all the conditioned thoughts which distract. But when heart and mind are become responsive organs of the Spirit and its pure light, they can still relate us to the world in which we live, but in a new non-dual way. Then we become centres of harmony and creativeness in a world of division.

Mouni Sadhu is so concerned with the unconditioned essence of *Samadhi*, with its being "beyond any space, time, feelings and thoughts," that he has little to say about the outworking of such enlightened being in all the relations and responsibilities of our human existence. But if his book concentrates

rather too exclusively on "the ultimate Truth, which is the final goal of everything," it is full of helpful advice on such matters as control of physical, astral and mental vibrations; on building up an inner sanctuary by means of meditation on a series of bases; on strengthening the true will, dealing with obstacles, defeats, downfalls and hostile forces; on nourishing hope and discrimination; and on the necessity of patience and endurance. Few are yet ripe for the supreme attainment, the complete merging in the Central Light, of which he writes in his last chapter. But all can advance and evolve towards it. This simply written book will encourage them along that path and guide their feet.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Kauṭilīya Arthaśāstra. Part I: A Critical Edition with a Glossary. By R. P. KANGLE. (University of Bombay. 8+283+80 pp. 1960. Rs. 10.00)

No ancient Indian text has excited more curiosity in modern times and created a greater stir in the world of scholars than the "Science of Polity" by Kauṭilya, which was first published in 1909 by R. Shama Sastri of Mysore on the basis of a single MS. European scholars were loth to credit its authenticity and antiquity (*viz.*, fourth century B.C.), and for over half a century, these problems have been academically discussed and Indian scholars have been vindicating the genuineness of Kauṭilya's work in the teeth of charges of chauvinism.

Vigorous attempts at unearthing fresh MSS. were made, leading to new editions, commentaries, and translations in English and German. Valuable studies in the *Arthaśāstra* have appeared from time to time and several books on ancient Indian polity have been published explaining Kauṭilya's theory of the State and his account of government, justice, taxes, etc.

Yet a definitive critical edition of this work, faithfully recording all the variants in extant MSS., was so far not available; and Professor Kangle has earned the gratitude of scholars by this edition of his which meets a very keenly felt need. His Introduction shows how some of the MSS. available two or three decades ago are now already untraceable, and how this edition, a result of over twenty years' labour, is an improvement upon them. The value of this edition is enhanced by the readings given here for the first time from the only fragmentary Northern MS. now discovered. The glossary is both accurate and useful, and reveals the author's profound knowledge of the text. However, the use of Sanskrit figures for sections of the text — sections sometimes running to several lines — and reference to these by Arabic figures broadly in the footnotes while recording variants, are not conducive to easy reference.

The printing is excellent and we are grateful to the Bombay University for inaugurating their Sanskrit Studies with this outstanding publication.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Dag Hammarskjold. By JOSEPH P. LASH. (Cassell, London. 304 pp. 1962. 21*s.*)

The Hammarskjold who emerges from this timely biography is a wholly admirable character. The timeliness of the book is a matter of coincidence rather than design; it was completed in all

essentials before the Secretary-General's death in September 1961. Clearly, Dag Hammarskjold, as Mr. Lash portrays him — and there is no reason to doubt his judgment — is the man of the future, the new type of hero: more anti-hero than hero, more humanist than patriot, even perhaps more symbol than human being. (At Hammarskjold's own request, this biography is bare of personal anecdote.)

Hammarskjold was the perfect international civil servant and he consciously built up his office in this image. This was his strength in warding off partisan attacks from power blocs of whatever hue; this, and his belief that the U.N. existed for the weak rather than the strong. Thus Soviet hostility to his Congo policy, culminating in a demand for the replacement of the Secretary-General himself by a "*troika*," fell on deaf ears in the General Assembly. Alone among public figures of his time, Hammarskjold had the faculty of "speaking truth to power," as the Quakers have put it — and ensuring that truth prevailed.

Mr. Lash's masterly elucidation of the complexities of the Congo operation must vindicate Hammarskjold from any charge of using the U.N. as an instrument of violence. (What happened after his death may be another story.) Again and again Hammarskjold insisted that the U.N. was not a "fighting force":—

> I do not believe ... that we help the Congolese people by actions in which Africans kill Africans, or Congolese kill Congolese, and that will remain my guiding principle for the future.

What in fact was this guiding principle of Hammarskjold's? Mr. Lash equates it to Schweitzer's "reverence for life." For, of course, Hammarskjold was much more than a world civil servant. Beneath the correct *façade* throbbed a complex consciousness, as sensitive to the mysteries of nature and the symbolism of art as to the need of the nations for a stable international order. Mr. Lash's book is a worthy tribute to a rare and seminal man.

MARGARET TIMS

Jadunath Sarkar āṇī Riyāsatkār Sardesai. By S. R. TIKEKAR. (Marathi) (Popular Book Depot, Bombay. 156 pp. 1961. Rs. 5.00)

This is a twin biography, dealing with the personalities, backgrounds and achievements of two eminent historians, who were also friends and collaborators for more than fifty years. There is probably no other instance among scholars of such team work, between types as divergent as Jadunath Sarkar and G. S. Sardesai. Shri Tikekar has the privilege of having been on intimate terms with both his illustrious subjects, and has made significant use of his opportunities for the purpose of this critique.

United by their common passion for research in Moghul and Maratha histories, these two, one from Bengal and the other from Maharashtra, came to be knit in a life-long friendship, despite their dissimilar conditioning and employments. Sarkar was born in a *zamindar* family, while Sardesai rose from poverty. Sarkar was a University Professor, and Vice-Chancellor, beloved of students, while Sardesai had to accept the first job that offered economic security, though it meant serving an autocratic Prince and tutoring his sons, who despised studies and treated their teacher with contempt.

A layman can hardly realize what patience is needed for historical research, to sift fact from fiction, to identify persons, places and dates, amidst

a babble of languages and a plethora of calendars. It is innocently believed that the lives of scholars are invariably tranquil and serene. But it is not always so. Malice and rivalry do not necessarily leave them alone. According to Shri Tikekar's well-supported testimony, men from Maharashtra indulged at one time in a smear campaign against both these scholars. Time, however, saw ultimately that justice was done, and honour bestowed where it was due.

Shri Tikekar has unfolded the two life-stories with great precision, zeal and loyalty. His style is attractive and forceful. The printing is excellent and the get-up leaves nothing to be desired.

N. R. DEOBHANKAR

Studies in Three Literatures: English, Latin, Greek: Contrasts and Comparisons. By M. R. RIDLEY. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. xii+177 pp. 1962. 30*s*.)

Vast as the literature of one's native language may be, one can be sure that there are territories of experience — spiritual, intellectual, sensuous — remaining unexpressed. This is true even of a literature as old, copious and varied as English. The explanation of this is linguistic. The English language, from its very nature, is incapable of communicating some kinds of experiences that (say) Italian can communicate with ease. The reverse is equally true. In English one can say things which in Italian one cannot.

Mr. M. R. Ridley's book is based on lectures he gave over many years before student audiences in Oxford and at London. He begins by describing in turn the strengths and weaknesses, in relation to each other, of the Greek, Latin and English languages, and then proceeds to compare the characteristic achievements in lyric, epic and drama within each of these languages with respect to the others. Thus Mr. Ridley treats us to a course in comparative literature. He illustrates his judgments by placing distinguished English translations besides their Latin or Greek originals, and his comments on these originals are lucid enough to profit and delight the Greekless, or even the altogether non-classic, reader and offer him new insights.

Students of English often restrict their interest in poetry to the language to which they are professionally obliged. This is an unhealthy insularity. To read Mr. Ridley's book is to undergo an exercise in the enlargement of sympathies and enjoyment. This reviewer has only two complaints: the author's underrating of *Beowulf* and an account of English which only describes the modern language. English is a plurality of tongues, and there are many varieties in time and space, a fact for which we should be grateful.

FRANCIS BERRY

Tagore: A Master Spirit. By K. CHANDRASHEKHARAN. (Triveni Publishers, Madras. 164 pp. 1961. Rs. 5.00)

Floating on the tide of Tagore centenary celebrations came the book *Tagore: A Master Spirit* by Shri K. Chandrashekharan. The name of the author is not new to the readers of THE ARYAN PATH. The book is marked by clarity of thought and expression. The author has a full appreciation of the range and spaciousness of Tagore's poetic inspiration.

The author believes that brevity is the soul of wit; but, while brief, his book is not sketchy. At the very outset the author takes care to dispel some current false notions about Tagore.

Throughout he maintains a balanced outlook regarding the suggestiveness and mysticism of Tagore's literary output. The thought underlying the whole of the work is that Tagore is essentially a poet at heart, and a "Hindu" poet: in his mysticism, his conception of womanhood, of love and of sacrifice, and his suggestiveness.

The author has also admirable appreciations to offer of the poet's stories. His evaluation of the story "Vision" is scintillating and suggests that Tagore's stories are not mere photographic representations of reality but rather interpretations of the cosmic order. The poet's insight into child psychology does not pass unadmired by the well-read author.

The book gives a general impression of thorough study. His outlook is sane, his style simple and lucid. Although the chapter on Kalidasa has more to say about Kalidasa than Tagore, yet, on the whole, the views expressed throughout are balanced and compact.

R. M. RAI

Praveshako: Part II. By B. K. THAKORE. Gujarati. (Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda. 185 pp. Second ed., 1961. Rs. 2.40)

Poet, scholar and critic, Professor B. K. Thakore was the first and foremost among the Gujarati "moderns." He was not a revivalist or an interpreter of Indian institutions and ideals as many of his contemporaries had been. He was an intellectual without inhibitions. He valued and praised what was beautiful and noble in things Indian but he also decried what was banal and mean. He owed his historical sense and rationality to Western influences.

A reader of these critical essays, which read like addresses, will have some idea of the author's personality. Professor Thakore's mind is full, almost loaded with information, ideas and words. His style is unique. Though not exactly beautiful, it is always vigorous and often lofty.

These seven prefaces reveal a variety of Professor Thakore's academic interests: Jain literature, folk literature, Hindi literature, history, philosophy, criticism. He advocates a particular sanity of approach in the appraisement of all old literature: it should be judged in a historical perspective. A people's literature again should reflect the feelings and aspirations of all its sections. Criticism should not lose sight of the ideals, but in the consideration of actual examples it should be objective and concrete. In this respect his critical analysis of Govardhanram's essay on the functions of a man of letters is very illuminating. The ideal man of letters, according to Govardhanram, is a judicious observer, a searcher for truth, a man who rediscovers eternal principles embedded in visible forms and institutions. Professor Thakore's own lifework is an illustration of what the free spirit of a man of letters could achieve.

V. R. TRIVEDI

Even Behind the Bars. By KAKASAHEB KALELKAR. Translated by SAROJINI NANAVATI. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 98 pp. 1961. Rs. 1.25)

"A little book of jail experiences," says Sarojini Nanavati in her Preface. This is a correct description of the book in the strictly limited prosaic sense. But *Even Behind the Bars* is much more. Kakasaheb takes us to his own world of imaginative identification with na-

ture, and very soon the crows and kites, the sleeping blankets and eating utensils, the flowers and the jailors, become the inhabitants of a richer and rarer world projected by him.

For Indian patriots jail experiences have proved a divine boon. Tilak wrote his *Gita-Rahasya* in Mandalay; Gandhi spent his time in translating Sanskrit verse into English; Nehru wrote his *Glimpses of World History* and *Discovery of India* and Sri Aurobindo had his *Narayana Darshan* in the Alipur Jail. Likewise Kakasaheb's one year in the Sabarmati prison was not in vain. The nature lover found joy behind the prison bars: in the "birds and beasts, the changing world of trees and flowers and grass or the regular but ever wonderful transition from one season to another." The mist-covered autumn morn, the accidental death of a red ant, the starlight night, the new young leaves on a *neem* tree — all whisper suggestive messages to him. In this beatified atmosphere the heroism of the mother squirrel becomes symbolic of the spirit of humanity. Kakasaheb's fellow prisoners move with compassion and friendship, and even the worst jailor loses his ferocity. All this is possible because Kakasaheb himself is a strange simple soul, always in tune with life. What shades of the Inferno dare approach him who sees in the lowest mud the rays of the spirit's paradise? For such is the nature of Kakasaheb that, as he stepped out of the prison gate, he spontaneously murmured the line from the *Gita*: *kṣīṇe puṇyē martyalōkam viśanti* (their spiritual merit being exhausted, they enter the mortal world).

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Readings in Education for All. By S. C. SARKAR. (Modern Book Agency, Calcutta. 1961. 232 pp. Rs. 7.00)

These "readings" are actually not an anthology of extracts but the author's own work. Shri Sarkar exhibits a wide range of knowledge on all educational themes such as the use of psychology in education, modern trends in education, the concept and aims of education, the modern idea of a school, the play of heredity and environment, the play-way, curriculums of studies, the training of teachers, educational projects and the place of examinations. A very vast sweep is attempted; as a natural consequence in the treatment of the individual sections one senses an attempt to do too much. This has its cost in depth.

The second section of what is called recreative reading consists of two playlets which help to relieve the serious tone of the rest of the book and is original and entertaining. The third section consists of articles contributed by the author to various educational journals at different times and cover a large range of educational themes. The author is seen to be a close student of all aspects of the educational problem in India with a penchant for analysis of the defects. The wealth of his vast reading and experience might have been better utilized in the positive production of a manual of education.

The author reveals an astonishingly wide range of studies in the theory and practice of education, and this book will have a stimulating effect on teacher-students undergoing training in teaching colleges.

D. GURUMURTI

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, May 31st, 1962

"THE THING I LIKE MOST about modern youth is its uninhibited frankness. You know exactly where you are with them," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Michael Ramsey. This prompted the London *Daily Mirror* to investigate the attitude of British youth to the Church. Its report is that the great majority of youngsters in Britain accept the Church, its teaching and its beliefs.

More than eight out of ten believe in God or some kind of God. They believe in the Bible and consider themselves members of some church. The strength of their belief goes further. Most young people accept the value of prayer or at least its usefulness. Three out of four pray at some time or other. Half of them have been "in such a tight corner" that they have stopped and prayed. Broadly they profess these denominations: out of every ten, Church of England — 5; Protestant nonconformists — 2; Roman Catholic — 1.

Two out of ten do not belong to any church, and the Church of England is the weakest of the denominations. The *Daily Mirror* report suggests that the young people who say they belong to it generally accept the fundamental beliefs of that Church but in the practice of their faith fall short of those of other persuasions. While a half of Roman Catholic youngsters and a third of nonconformists attend church regularly, less than one in ten Church-of-England members do the same. They also fall short of other denominations in the strength of their beliefs.

According to the investigation more than 9 out of ten youngsters think that most people believe in a kind of God. Among themselves, 85 per cent believe without any qualification; 4 per cent have some qualified belief; 6 per cent are undecided; and another 6 per cent do not believe.

Personal belief is greater among girls than boys and also greater among Roman Catholics and nonconformists. More than one member in ten of the Church of England either does not believe or is undecided. This is double the proportion of doubting Catholics and five times the number of doubting nonconformists.

One young person in four prays every day or most days. 4 out of ten pray sometimes; 1 in ten prays when he is in a tight spot or worried. But more than half the youngsters have been in such a tight corner that they have stopped and prayed. Use of prayer is highest in Wales and Southwest England. Girls pray more than boys; young people in better-off homes pray more than those in poorer homes; married youngsters pray more than the unmarried; Roman Catholics and nonconformists pray more than Church-of-England members. But only a quarter of the young people who believe in God pray to Him daily or on most days. Another quarter of all believers never pray at all or do so only in adversity.

When young people were asked when they last went to church their answers brought this analysis: a third had been within the last month; a third had been within the last year; and a third had not been in church for more than a year. Young people go to church most regularly in Wales, Southwest and Northwest England and Scotland. And more girls than boys go to church; so do more teenagers than young people in their twenties. More youngsters from better-off homes attend church than those from

poorer ones. More single people than married couples attend church. Of course, Roman Catholics are the most regular churchgoers in Britain. Church-of-England members are the least regular. Nearly 7 out of every ten Catholics had been to church within the last month — against only one in four in the Church of England.

Mr. Tony Miles, who conducted the investigations on behalf of the *Daily Mirror,* says that the verdict of youth is that the churches should not tell people how to live their lives. Two out of three young people regard religion as a private affair, a question of individual conscience. But the young do not dismiss the Church message as "Square." They think that the churches have something to say, something to offer. Seven out of ten think that the teaching of the churches has meaning for young people today; 6 out of ten feel that the churches understand young people; 5 out of ten believe that sermons are relevant to everyday life.

The *Daily Mirror* reporter asked young people about three topics, namely, capital punishment, the H-bomb, and the colour bar.

Out of every ten 5 think that the churches should take a stand on capital punishment; 2 think they should preach abolition; 1 thinks they should advocate retention in one form or another. The remainder are undecided.

As to the H-bomb, 6 out of every ten young people think that the churches should speak out; 3 say the churches should be against the bomb. Less than one in ten think they should be for it. More than two in ten do not know what stand the churches should take.

On the colour bar, 6 out of ten youngsters say the churches should speak up; 5 out of ten think the churches should be against it. The rest either think the churches should be for it or they make other remarks.

Dame Kathleen Lonsdale, the Quaker and scientist, told B.B.C. listeners that a few weeks ago she had a letter from a lady who asked her to send her a short note saying whether she did or did not believe in God. Her correspondent wanted a straight "I do" or "I don't" on a piece of paper, for which she enclosed a stamped addressed envelope. This was one of those loaded questions like "Have you stopped beating your wife? Answer me 'Yes' or 'No'!" which carried with it all sorts of hidden implications.

Dame Kathleen Londsdale reminded her listeners that early this year she had visited India and one of her scientific colleagues, a sincere but very tolerant Hindu, whom she respected greatly for the simplicity and obvious goodness of his character, arranged for her to have the privilege of entering some Hindu temples, usually forbidden to non-Hindus. In one of them Dame Kathleen saw a number of people worshipping what looked to her like a large black egg. If she had been asked, "Do you believe in this god?" her reaction undoubtedly, as a scientist and as guest would have been to hesitate. There it was, very real, in front of her eyes. She could not deny its existence. Yet many of her young friends in Britain seemed most anxious to ask, "Does God exist?"

They must have some picture in their minds, of course, to ask such a question at all. And Dame Kathleen does not suppose the picture is that of a large black egg, although that mysterious object, with its implications of creation or perfection, and yet of the unknown, was undoubtedly a symbol of some of the qualities people would expect to find in God.

As a scientist, Dame Kathleen said she realizes how much our thoughts as adults are influenced by our childish upbringing, and yet of course we each react to or against our upbringing in our own way. She went first to a little

school in Southern Ireland where she learned to count and to read. The counting was assisted by chanting in unison: "One yellow ball and two yellow balls makes three yellow balls." Nothing very difficut about that. "I expect that we had coloured balls in front of us and soon realized that one, two and three were definitions of quantity; and that one red ball and two green balls still made three balls but not all of the same colour."

This was something very different from the Trinity, the threefold God about which Dame Kathleen heard in the little Church of Ireland that she attended on Sunday morning. There was nothing simple about this, nothing that a child's mind could grasp, except in the form of ideas or symbols that were so much simplified as to have become caricatures.

It is extraordinarily difficult for me, even now [said Dame Kathleen] not to think of God as some great big superman living somewhere outside this Universe but able to assume different forms so that he can penetrate anywhere within the Universe or even within ourselves to see what we are thinking, or who could, if he so wished, disguise himself as a human being. And yet this is a caricature, so much like one of the Arabian Nights stories, that I instinctively reject it as magic or superstition, inevitable perhaps at an early stage of civilization, but impossible to take seriously now.

And so when Dame Kathleen is asked, incredulously "Do you, as a practising scientist, really believe in God?" or when her correspondent asks her to tell her plainly whether she believes in God or not, she has to try to know what picture of God is in the mind of her questioner.

This is not quibbling [said Dame Kathleen]. It does make all the difference to my answer whether they are thinking of some kind of superman fashioning stars or pulling strings from some kind of fifth dimension, or an impersonal pantheistic abstraction, or a large black egg, or something or somebody quite different from all these.

Dame Kathleen concluded:—

I rather think that the God whom Jesus described as Spirit, Lawgiver, Judge and King, but whom he most often called just "Father," was different from all these; so different, that the followers of Jesus were puzzled and said to him, "show us the Father."

SUNDER KABADI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The policy of *The Twentieth Century* (London) since its appearance as a quarterly, a year ago, has been to present special subjects, incidentally safeguarding the magazine from the fate of most ephemeral publications. Under the Editorship of Richard Findlater, it has adopted the plan of featuring one special subject in each issue — with, in addition, a quarterly survey, poems and book reviews. In this way it retains the interest of topicality and yet remains of use for reference on the permanent bookshelf.

The Spring 1962 number considers "Private Lives," *i.e.*, to what extent do the press, television interviewers, the law, etc., invade private rights? The various aspects are taken up, by a Fleet-Street editor, a journalist, a front-

rank novelist, a legal expert, a former police officer, also a writer, a multi-millionaire, a psychiatrist, a teenage idol of the entertainment world, literary and television critics, a French film star known the world over, all of whom have been either close observers or the victims of "invasion." The plaint of the visibility of the black man as a target in a white society, the plight of those who do not conform to "rule," the dangers to freedom from the secret police or from the law itself, are also taken up. It is all thought-provoking, and bears re-reading, lest we become habituated to victimization and forget that the price of freedom is a constant struggle for it. Future issues promise surveys of architecture and planning, new trends in medicine, the book world and international cinema. Such syntheses are valuable in a world swamped with information, but too often insufficiently co-ordinated.

The April 1962 issue of *Hibbert's Journal* contains a thought-provoking comparison between Indian and Western æsthetic speculations, made by H. H. Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Maharaja of Mysore. He considers that "the Western approach is chiefly pragmatical" though the spiritual aspect is not necessarily thereby excluded. Certain broad conclusions have been reached, and beauty has been equated by different speakers with goodness, or truth or morality, while physical beauty has been also viewed as the mirror of the spiritual. Art itself has been "the handmaid of religion."

In India even more, he writes, all questions of beauty lead ultimately into the metaphysical. External artistic delight is felt to resemble spiritual experience, in that its end is "the creation of joy" (*Ananda* or *Rasa*). These Upanishadic terms are applied primarily to "the transcendental experience of *Brahman* or the ultimate reality." In *Vedanta, Ananda* (one with Brahman) is the inner universal harmony in all, and is to be experienced with the help of the "inward eye." The removal of false knowledge reveals the bliss of the Self, yet still with detachment in the joy. Therefore, the article indicates, the aim in Indian æsthetics is to reach through the transient joy of the ordinary arts to the permanent beauty of the Ultimate. It discusses poetic intuition, imagination, discipline and learning, and also the various endeavours of Indian thinkers to diagnose "the soul of poetry," whether it lay in style, in suggestion, in the element of delight, and so on.

Art, it is said, teaches and guides with a loving approach, whereas the *Veda* does the same thing by commands, and the *Puranas* by friendly advice. Imagination is seen as the chief instrument of poetry, the creative power that "turns the world of realism into one of idealism."

Indian æsthetic speculation really reached its pinnacle when it saw God as the real object of all arts.

This article is enhanced in value by appearing where it is needed, in a Western journal. One only wishes it could touch Western artists of today, since, in some quarters, it is already being said that the reason why so many people do not find satisfaction in modern paintings, etc., and so go back to the "Old Masters" is that the former lack the "soul," the sense of the spirit, that gives to its artistic expression whatever of value and permanence it has.

The New York Times of May 18th contains a thought-provoking report by Murray Illson. It summarizes the observations of Dr. Viktor E. Frankl, President of the Austrian Medical Society for Psychotherapy and a professor of neurology and psychiatry at the University of Vienna, at the third annual

meeting of the Academy of Religion and Mental Health.

At this distinguished meeting Dr. Frankl dwelt on a form of psychological disorder that does not respond to treatment along the usual psychiatric and medical lines: it springs from the profound doubt that life has any meaning. Dr. Frankl calls this an "existential vacuum." He interprets its markedly more frequent occurrence in Americans to mean that it is "apparently a concomitant of industrialization." Nothing can cure this frustration of the soul, in his view, except the attaining of a sense that life has meaning, not only in action or the experience of values but quite richly in suffering too.

These are remarkable and, in a profound sense, reassuring ideas to come from a distinguished member of the Viennese school of psychoanalysis. How thoroughly they approach the perennial spiritual intuition of the lofty nature of man and how far they go towards refuting the popular-scientific devaluation of high human aspirations can be seen more completely in his article "Collective Neuroses of the Present Day," reprinted in *Universitas* (No. 3 of 1961) last year.

Dr. Frankl explains therein that "collective neuroses" are not clinical neuroses but extremely wide-spread traits in the character of contemporary man which are "similar to neuroses." Four striking traits that he examines with great subtlety there are: an ephemeral attitude to life, living for the day, and not striving to organize one's life round a definite purpose; fatalism, which sees man as wholly determined by external circumstances or internal conditions, a product especially of popularized misconceptions of what psychoanalysis implies; collectivist thinking, which tends to submerge the individual in the mass instead of knitting genuine individual uniquenesses into real community; and fanaticism which "denies the personality of others."

Dr. Frankl considers that

> all the four symptoms can be shown to derive from fear of and flight from freedom and responsibility; yet freedom and responsibility together make man a spiritual being. And nihilism should in my opinion be defined as being weary and tired of the spirit....
>
> ...nihilism is that attitude towards life which says that Being has no meaning... there is also a practical, as it were "lived" nihilism: there are people... who consider their life meaningless... and therefore think it valueless.

This nihilism Dr. Frankl believes to run counter to man's "deep-seated innate striving and struggling for a higher and ultimate meaning to his existence." When this striving is frustrated, the resulting "spiritually-rooted neurosis requires a psychotherapy hailing from the spiritual." Dr. Frankl takes the view that psychotherapy must definitely renounce that biologism, psychologism and sociologism which reduce man respectively to " 'nothing but'... an automaton of reflexes, a bundle of drives, a psychic mechanism,... simply a product of environment."

> Man is not "driven" — man decides. Man is free. But we prefer to speak of responsibility instead of freedom: responsibility implies something for which we are responsible... quite specific values, the realization of which can be achieved by him alone....
>
> ...we have thus not only the possibility of making life meaning-full by creating and loving, but also by suffering. So that when we can no longer change our fate by action, what matters is the right attitude towards fate....
>
> ...the so-called life not worth living does not exist. And even the trappings of psychosis conceal a real spiritual person, unassailable by mental disease. Only the means of communication with the outside world are inhibited by the disease — but the nucleus of man still remains indestructible....
>
> Life has an absolute meaning — and we need an absolute belief in the meaning of life.